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Desert

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

DECEMBER 1964

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DESERT WILD FLOWERS by Edmund C. Jaeger. Revised edition of this authoritative, best selling book contains a key to aid in identification and a list of name changes. This book is a "must" for desert travelers and botanists. Well illustrated with a text understandable by amateurs, DESERT particularly recommends it. 322 pages, hardcover, published by Stanford University Press. \$5.00. Order from DESERT Magazine Book Dept.

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ON DESERT TRAILS by Randall Henderson, founder and publisher of Desert Magazine for 23 years. One of the first good writers to reveal the beauty of the mysterious desert areas. Henderson's experiences, combined with his comments on the desert of yesterday and today, makes this a MUST for those who really want to understand the desert. 375 pages, illustrated. Hardcover. \$5.00.

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See Information Below

THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS by Edmund C. Jaeger. A long-time authority on all phases of desert areas and life, Dr. Jaeger's book on the North American Deserts should be carried wherever you travel. It not only describes each of the individual desert areas, but has illustrated sections on desert insects, reptiles, birds, mammals and plants. 315 pages, illustrated photographs, line drawings and maps. Hardcover. \$5.95.

GHOST TOWN TRAILS by Lambert Florin is third in a series that ranks among the best ghosttown books ever written. Excellent photos and stories cover an area that stretches across the entire west from Alaska to New Mexico. Large format, 192 pages. Hardcover. Price \$12.50.

PAINTERS OF THE DESERT by Ed Ainsworth. A beautifully illustrated and well-written roundup of 13 of the desert's outstanding artists—Dixon, Forsythe, Swinnerton, Fechin, Eytel, Lauritz, Buff, Klinker, Perceval, Hilton, Proctor, McGrew, and Bender. Folio size, gold-stamped hard cover. Full color reproductions. 125 pages. \$11.00.

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THE OREGON DESERT by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. This book is a hard one to define. A single paragraph may be a mixture of geology, history, biography and rich desert lore. The only complete book about the Oregon desert, the material applies equally well to other deserts of the West. The humor and fascinating anecdotes coupled with factual background and unusual photos, including color, make it excellent reading material even for those who may never visit Oregon. 407 pages, illustrated. Hardcover. Third printing, \$6.50.

LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK by Gerhard and Gulick. The authors have revised the third edition to bring it up to date. Veteran travelers in Baja California would not venture south of the border without this authoritative volume. It combines the fascinating history of every location, whether it be a town, mission or abandoned ranch, with detailed mileage maps and locations of gasoline supplies, water and other needed information on Baja. 243 pages with three-color folding map, 16 detailed route maps, 4 city maps, 22 illustrations. Hardcover. \$6.50.

MEET FLORA MEXICANA by Walter Pesman. Absolutely essential for travelers into Old Mexico or Baja who want to know the names, uses and habits of flora that grows along roads and highways. Well illustrated with lively text. 278 pages. Paperback, \$4.00.

THE DESERT IS YOURS by Erle Stanley Gardner. In his latest book on the desert areas of the West, the author again takes his reader with him as he uses every means of transportation to explore the wilderness areas and sift the facts and rumors about such famous legends as the Lost Arch, Lost Dutchman and Lost Dutch Oven mines. 256 pages, illustrated. Hardcover. \$7.50.

THE HIDDEN HEART OF BAJA by Erle Stanley Gardner. The noted creator of the best-selling mysteries of our time has written several books on Baja California and the desert areas of the West. With his talent of combining adventure and mystery with facts, the author takes you with him as he probes the mysteries of "The Hidden Heart of Baja" and tells how he discovered an archeological find of major importance thus opening up a new concept regarding cave paintings. 256 pages, illustrated with color photos of Indian paintings. Hardcover. \$7.50.

THE DINOSAUR HUNTERS, Othneil C. Marsh and Edward D. Cope, By Robert Plate. A dual biography of the first dinosaur hunters whose bitter rivalry split the scientific world for about 25 years but whose exploits of the 1870s and 1880s excited the public imagination and made dinosaurs a household word. Easy reading, the book is packed with action resulting from the intense feud between Marsh and Cope, both wealthy men who exhausted their fortunes in the arduous hunt for the creatures of the past. 281 pages. Hardcover. \$4.95.

HUNTING THE DESERT WHALE by Erle Stanley Gardner. Among the first Americans to ever camp at Scammon's Lagoon in Baja California, if not the first, Gardner learned, while hunting the great grey whale with a camera that they don't sit graciously for portraits! Whale hunting and beach combing for rare treasures make for exciting reading. Hardcover, 208 pages, illustrated with photos. \$6.00.

THREE PATHS ALONG A RIVER By Tom Hudson. Illustrated by Ralph Love. Once a river, the San Luis Rey is now only an intermittent stream. History marched beside the river, and in a sense the Valley of San Luis Rey can called the Gateway to California. The earliest overland travelers coming from Mexico and west from the States traveled the Carrizo Corridor leading inland through Temecula to the Mission of San Gabriel and the Pueblo of Los Angeles. The Butterfield Stage route crossed the river near its headwaters. 245 page. Hardcover. \$6.

GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS by Nell Murbarger, the well known "roving reporter of the desert." The author's just-published book is an intimate chronicle of Arizona's once-booming mining towns, stage stations, army posts, marauding Indians and fantastic human characters. 380 pages, illustrated. Hardcover. \$7.50.

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December Peppercorns . . . by Jack Pepper

SLIPPING SILVER. The United States Mint, the world's largest consumer of silver, feels its silver is slipping. Although it still has 1.35 billion ounces of William Jennings Bryan's precious metal, the demand by non-Communist countries is growing and with the increase in American tourists abroad the supply may be depleted. Some experts say the only solution is to drastically reduce or eliminate altogether the silver in dimes, quarters and half dollars. This dilemma comes shortly after Congress directed the Mint to resume production of silver dollars for the first time in 30 years. The newly minted 45 million cartwheels will contain more than 32 million ounces of silver. There's no mention of going back to mining silver again as another alternative.

SILVER AND SMALL MINERS. Speakers at the annual Small Miners Convention meeting at Burton's Tropico Gold Mine and Mill, near Rosamond, Calif., viewed the silver and gold problem with great alarm. "There is a silver shortage in the world," said Hollis Dole, Chief Geologist for the State of Oregon, "and our monetary policies have led us into a silver crisis. Eventually this crisis will destroy our silver coins and leave us with nothing but paper currency," he concluded. Urging a return to the Gold Standard and opposing the removal of our 25 percent gold reserve, the miners stressed that part of the U. S. Constitution which says that only gold and silver are legal money. The present law requires a 25 percent gold backing for U. S. currency, and the removal of this safeguard would permit the bankers to flood the country with worthless printing-press money, the miners charged. Shades of the Old West! Background of the meeting was also something out of the Old West. Burton's Tropico Gold Mine is one of the largest gold mines in the West for sightseeing tourists and has an adjoining replica of a gold rush town complete with saloons, shops and a museum.

STILL CLOSED. Since the beginning of World War II a large section of the Chocolate Mountains in Southern California has been leased as an Aerial Gunnery Range by the United States. Travel in this historic and fascinating country is strictly prohibited. Acting on a tip this area was going to be released by Uncle Sam we queried the powers-that-be, only to be informed the restrictions will be in effect for at least another year. Not all of the Chocolate Mountains are restricted, however, so you can still look for lost mines and treasures. See "Goading the Gold Ghosts of Glamis" in this issue.

CHRISTMAS EVENTS. Christmas parades and pageants will be held in many of the communities throughout the West. They cannot all be listed. Typical are the Annual Christmas Parade and Los Vigilantes Mistletoe Dance, El Centro, Dec. 5; Christmas Parade, Elko, Nevada, Dec. 5; Opening of Santa Claus Lane, Brawley, Dec. 5; Grand Opening of San Diego's Christmas Center, Balboa Park with life-size display of biblical scenes, Dec. 6. New Mexico Indian pueblos will have celebrations Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. For specific dates write to the nearest Chamber of Commerce.

OTHER DECEMBER EVENTS. Dune Buggy Show, Brawley, Nov. 29; Imperial Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Imperial Fair Grounds, Nov. 29; National Horse Show, Brawley, Calif., Dec. 27 and 28.

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Americana (Western style)



LUGGING his heavy cameras by stage coach, buckboard, and pack mule, F. J. Haynes shot more than 25,000 pictures of the working West in the 70's and 80's. Two hundred and forty-four of the finest of these — a rare, wide-ranging record of settlers, toughs and tenderfeet building railroads, mining, homesteading, ranching and river-boating — illustrate Freeman Tilden's lively and enthusiastic one hundred thousand word re-creation of the period. Appendix includes technical camera information. \$12.95

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WITH F. J. HAYNES, PIONEER
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by FREEMAN TILDEN




THE vast wilderness stretching upstream from the Grand Canyon is almost unknown to most Americans. Its grandeur is captured at last in this first full-scale biography of the region — a dramatic history of *conquistadores*, cattle barons, miners, Mormons — illuminated by some of the most beautiful photographs ever taken of the American West. Of these 16 are in full color, 110 in gravure. Published jointly by Alfred A. Knopf and the University of Utah Press in association with the Amon Carter Museum. \$15

STANDING UP COUNTRY

THE CANYON LANDS OF
UTAH AND ARIZONA

by C. GREGORY CRAMPTON

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New Books For Desert Readers

HILTON PAINTS THE DESERT

By John Hilton

The greatest thrill to cross our desk this month is a pre-publication issue of John Hilton's collection of paintings with a forward by Ed Ainsworth and editorial information about technique, purpose, painting philosophy and desert lore written by John Hilton, himself.

Twelve paintings are reproduced, each 12x16. Hilton supervised the entire production and the full-color reproductions are so fine that you have to touch them to realize they aren't originals. Each print of the collection is outstanding and all originals are owned by Hilton's wife, Barbara, who has refused all offers to sell to date. Probably the finest of the collection is a recent painting named *The Power and The Glory*. It is doubtful that Hilton will ever surpass himself with this masterpiece.

Hilton's paintings have appeared in almost every outstanding gallery in America and by all critics he is considered the dean of desert painting. Also an accomplished writer, his words have produced as much understanding and appreciation for the desert as have his paintings.

This collector's item is now available in three different packages and at two different prices. A limited edition with each print handsigned in 23K gold, \$90. Regular editions with transparent plastic covers tied by thongs, \$65; or the collection of 12 prints, handsigned and unbound for framing, \$65. All may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Dept.

DESERT WILD FLOWERS

By Edmund C. Jaeger.

When Dr. Jaeger revises a book it comes out almost new. In this second edition a key to aid in identification of wild flowers has been added, a list of name changes provided and a number of photographs replaced. Here is the most complete work ever published on flora of the Southwestern deserts by the man most qualified to write it . . . and it is as easily understood by amateur botanists and travelers as it is informative to the professional.

Hardcover with 322 pages, it may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Department. Price \$5.00.

WESTERN GHOST TOWN SHADOWS

By Lambert Florin

Lambert Florin has done it again! Here is his fourth ghost town book. We can't say it's his best because, in our opinion, a ghost town book can't get any better than any of Florin's four, and we've reviewed a lot of ghost town books.

His genius for finding forgotten places, digging up fantastic information, and photographing towns and relics, is evident on each page of this brilliant 8½" x 10½", slick paper, hardcover book. Ghost towns covered in this edition include some of Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, California, Oregon, New Mexico, Wyoming, Washington, South Dakota, Montana, B.C., and Alaska.

The foreword includes a message that should be read by every ghost town hunter in the world. We hope that Mr. Florin will allow DESERT to reprint it for one of the monthly ghost town articles he contributes to each issue of DESERT.

Ghost Town Shadows consists of 188 pages, costs \$12.50 and may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Department.

GEMS, MINERALS, CRYSTALS AND ORES

By Richard Pearl.

This collector's encyclopedia is a book long overdue. The best of its kind that we've ever seen, its 64 full-color pages and high grade stock make it appear a much more expensive book than it is. But best of all is the information it contains. From Agate to Zircon, arranged in alphabetical order, this guide tells where to find them, how to identify them, and how to collect, cut and display. DESERT recommends it highly. Hardcover, 320 pages, it sells for \$6.95 and may be ordered from DESERT Magazine Book Department.

BASIC BOATING

By Howard Andrews and
Alexander Russell

We are reviewing this book in DESERT because too many desert boaters buy a boat and skim off on Lake Mead, Lake Powell, or one of the great desert water ways without even knowing which side of the boat

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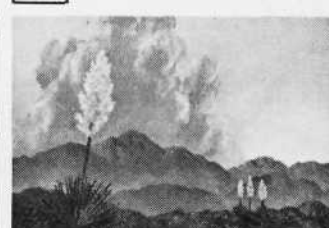
407 Howdy... from the two of us!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year



409 Christmas Morning on the Desert—May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year



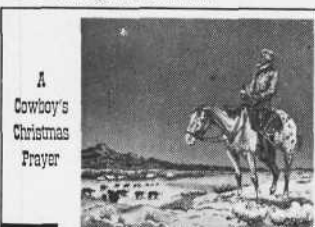
411 Thinkin' of you at Christmas—Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year



414 Candles of the Lord—May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with you through all the Coming Year



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417 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer—This famous 26 line prayer is inside the card in addition to a greeting



418 "...fair and open face of heaven..."—May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year



419 Winter Friends—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



420 Season's Greetings—With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year



421 Christmas Visitors—May the meaning of the Season be deeper, its friendships stronger and its hopes brighter, etc.



422 Greetings from our outfit to yours—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year



424 Spurs an' Pine—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



426 Christmas Handouts—Greeting is a warm and friendly 6 line descriptive western verse



428 Headin' West to Laramie—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



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SPICE YOUR SPANISH WITH DICHOS

By Ricardo Castillo

"Dichos" are the pungent Spanish proverbs which add so much color and logic to the conversation and thinking of our Mexican neighbors.

"Piedra que rueda no cria musgo."

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

"El que mal anda mal acaba."

He who starts out wrong ends up wrong.

"En la carcel y en la cama se conocen los amigos."

Being sick or in jail will tell you who your true friends are.

"Perro que ladra no muerde."

A barking dog bites no one.

"El que con ninos se acuesta, mojado se levanta."

If you go to bed with children, you'll wake up wet.

"El tonto y el flojo, andan dos veces el camino."

The lazy and the foolish walk the same road twice.

"Quien adelante no mira, atras se queda."

He who does not look forward, remains behind!

"La mujer y la tela no la cates a la candela."

Neither a wife nor cloth should be examined by candle-light.

New Books

is port. Many accidents, often fatal, could have been avoided had the mariners been acquainted with even the most basic elements of seamanship—such as to which side he passes an oncoming vessel, the meaning of distress signals, how to splice a line, distinguish dry rot, run a narrow inlet, or leave a dock.

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Well illustrated with photos and line drawings, this 359-page hardcover book is published by Prentice-Hall and may be ordered from DESERT Magazine Book Department for \$8.25.

PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS

By Ralph W. Andrews

A truly wonderful collection of photographs recording places and events important to the West between the years 1850 to 1875. This picture gallery of pre-Civil War wagon trains and railroads was produced by such old-time photographers as Hillers, Savage, Watkins, Britt and others who recorded scenes and people from Salt Lake City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, San Diego, and placer mining camps of Nevada, Idaho, Arizona and other frontiers that will make those over 60 feel nostalgic and those younger feel like participants.

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A WHALE of a Trip to Baja

by Ira Huffman

ON A TRIP to Scammon's Lagoon in Baja California, five Southern California adventurers discovered two things—one, that the treasure area usually designated by other writers is not necessarily the best, and two, why lady whales don't wear Maidenforms.

Equipping a 4-wheel drive vehicle with 11.00 x 15 inch tires and carrying four spares, extra parts and a 12-foot aluminum boat with a 3-horsepower outboard, Morlin Childers and J. L. Love, of El Centro, prepared themselves for a 13-day trip through the upper half of lower California and across the wicked Vizcaino Desert. In addition to the above gear and great quantities of water and food, they also carried a trail bike outfitted with an oversized rear tire to increase its effectiveness in sand. This vehicle was worth its weight as a means for making advance forays into areas where roads were undetermined and as transportation insurance in case of breakdown. The remainder of their party arrived by private plane, landing at a spot on the beach designated by the two who had advanced by land.

Scammon's Lagoon lies 400 miles south of Mexicali on the Pacific coast of Lower California. The long beach

on the south side of the lagoon entrance is a dumping ground where tricky Japanese currents have buried many a hapless seaman shipwrecked in the North Pacific. This graveyard is about 20 miles long and just southwest of the entrance to Scammon's Lagoon.

The nearest civilized outpost to this desolate part of desolate Baja is the great salt harvesting corporation, Exportadora de Salt, S. A., and its village for workers. Other than that, place names on the map are mere names, with often those in doubt. Scammon's Lagoon has been charted for hundreds of years, but the scarcity of potable water made it a little used haven for humans. During one brief period it harbored a seasonal fishing village with a population of 315, but this was abandoned in 1950. Rodriguez Cabrillo visited the lagoon in 1542, naming it Puerto San Pedro Vineula. Then about 60 years later a sailor named Sebastian Vizcaino came along and renamed it San Bartolome. In 1858 American whalers discovered its commercial value and Capt. Charles M. Scammon made his remarkable contributions to our knowledge of the whale. Thenceforth, Vizcaino got left with the desert and Scammon gave his name to the Lagoon. Japanese fishermen moved in



during the early 1900s to set up an abalone cannery, but this project was abandoned in 1920.

Much of the coastline is rocky, but sand bars along the beach are passable in places at low tide. With Erle Stanley Gardner's book in tow (*Hunting the Desert Whale*) Childers and pilot Jim Bailey took a preliminary hop down the peninsula to charter a course for the trip. It was then they discovered more loot lay on the 20-mile stretch of beach southwest from the island beach prowled by Gardner than lay on the island itself. Later they learned that the treasure trove varies with seasons and tides, but at the time of their trip it seemed more profitable to take the road from the salt works via Ojo del Liebre. The two-day trek around the sloppy salt flats led to a point near San Jose del Castro ranch, where they were able to obtain fresh water, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. Sand dunes near the beach were formidable, but after considerable maneuvering they managed to cross to the waterfront where a smooth, firm shoreline served as a landing field for their airborne friends who arrived to land on schedule.

Immediately Love, Bailey, Jim Adkin and Norm Cline busied themselves exploring while Childers concentrated upon what he found most fascinating—whales.

Erle Stanley Gardner, E. J. Slijper and R. M. Gilmore have in recent years written about the California Gray Whale, but for a long time it was believed to be almost extinct. In fact, it is primarily due to this secreted and protected bay with its narrow entrance into which young whale calves are herded by their

Small sized dead whale washed ashore.



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By RANDALL HENDERSON
(Founder of DESERT Magazine)

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mothers for safe keeping that the species is with us today.

Both from the shore and from the air you can plainly see this 50-foot mammal leaping and bounding in the surf. Playful and intelligent, the great gray whale prefers a meal of plankton to one of man. Unlike man-killer whales, it seeks shallow water where it is comparatively safe from carnivorous sea life and where it can easily scoop up moss, sea plants and organisms in its toothless, two-foot long plates.

In late January the California gray cows calve, then later migrate into Arctic waters for the last months of each year. Swimming at a maximum of 6.5 knots per hours, they are slow compared to killer whales. During part of the year it is believed the females separate from the males and the female school is led by an older cow. They will help other species, such as dolphins, if injured or in trouble, but will not help their own males. The male whale, however, will help the female. Although gray whales are mortally afraid of the killer whale and will panic and flip over in shallow water almost on sight, the gray whale cow will attack man, or even overturn a boat, in defense of her young. Their tails are devastating weapons.

Obligated to surface for fresh air every 10 or 15 minutes, they squirt a jet of water about 10 feet high while

ridding their lungs of stale air. This accounts for the old whaler call, "Thar she blows!"

At birth, the gray whale weighs about 1500 pounds and is 15 feet long. It nurses its mother for at least six months, at which time it has grown to about 25 feet. This nursing process is exceedingly different from that of most mammillae, as the refueling has to take place at sea. To facilitate matters there is no protuberance, or udder, on the cow, but rather, the milk is squirted by the cow through a recessed outlet near her vulva. This ingenious arrangement, in which the calf fits its mouth into an airtight recession to nurse, keeps sea water out of the milk and is one of the most practical biological processes ever devised. A Maidenform gal can dream she was a mermaid, but never a whale!

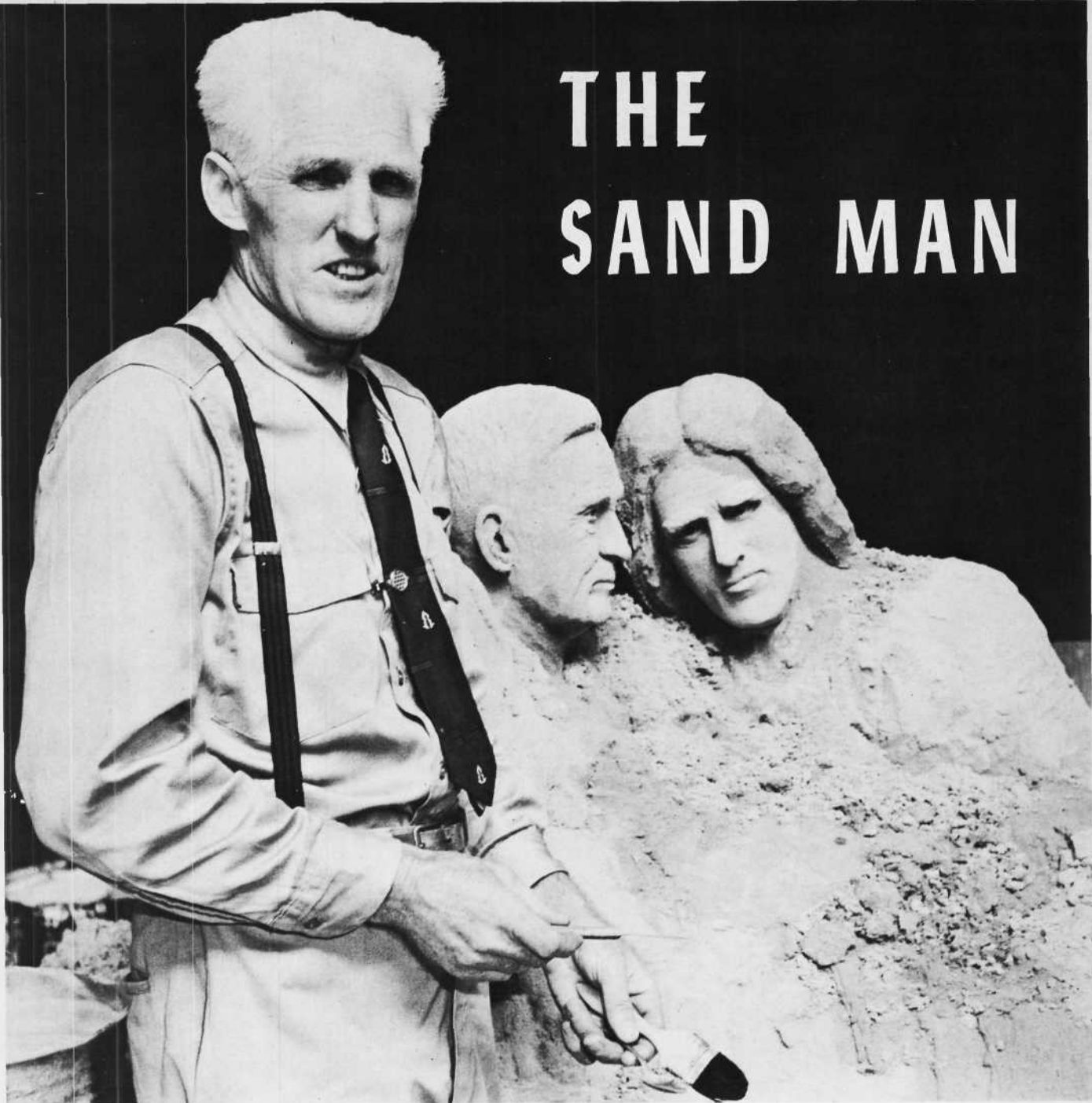
The loot gathered by the adventurers was reluctantly deposited in neat piles on the beach—not because of any sentimental concern over the removal of bottles, Japanese floats, fishermen's corks, and an old galleon or two, but because of lack of room. This is a common complaint—or, at least, it's as common as Scammon's Lagoon explorers are common. Reliable guesses are that fewer than 50 "Gringos" have set foot on this beach since women gave up whale bone corsets and men found a more prolific source for oil.

///



"Avon calling!"

THE SAND MAN



by Sam Hicks

THE WORK OF the most prominent sand artist of all time is on quiet display in the Temecula Valley where but relatively few people stop to enjoy it. U.S. 395 has become such a busy link in the chain of Southern California inland highways that motorists rarely find time to focus their vision on the block-letter signs that spell "Bible Land."

It all began in 1926 on a hot summer day at the Bell Island swimming resort on the Detroit River. Here a young carpenter, Ted Conibear, came upon an unfinished bathing

beauty molded in sand. Kneeling beside the statue, he began modeling and added a head to the figure. Pleased and satisfied with this result—which resembled a pretty girl he knew—he proceeded to equip her with graceful arms and dainty feet.

Later that week, reflecting upon the incident, he felt an urge to make something else out of sand. A vacant lot near his boarding house looked promising, so one evening after work Ted went over and shaped in sand the head and torso of a man lying on his back. By the time he put the finishing touches on the man's upper body, he'd dug a sizable hole.

After dark, the lady of a nearby

house walked through the vacant lot and nearly stumbled into the cavity containing Ted's sand man. In the failing light, she concluded that here were buried the remains of a victim of foul play. She called the police who, in turn, summoned a firesquad with a pulmotor. With red lights flashing and sirens screaming, the emergency vehicles clamored to the vacant lot. But the man they found gazing serenely upward at the starlit sky wasn't dead. He was made of sand.

This new hobby of Ted's continued to grow. Soon he left his job and started making displays before audiences at local fairs. A religious man, it was only natural that his subjects

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should be Biblical. Always he worked before audiences for whatever contributions they cared to make, if any. Word of his ability circulated among managers of state fairs, Red Cross Chapters, service clubs and other charitable organizations and his sand artistry received national acclaim.

Conibear is by no means dedicated strictly to the use of sand in sculpturing. Early in his career he worked with mutton tallow and wax and at various other times he has used ice, papier-mache and, with the aid of refrigerated display booths, even unsalted butter.

In 1960, to bolster his modest income, he did The Good Shepherd in white cement for a mortuary in Riverside, California. This statue includes the figure of Christ carrying a lamb in His arms with a flock of fleecy sheep following Him. Ted has also done Jesus in Gethsemane in white cement. But his greatest satisfaction derives from transforming a shapeless pile of sand into a thing of beauty.

For tools Ted uses a teaspoon, a paring knife, a small artists' brush and a two-inch paint brush. He works with any kind of fine sand, the cleaner the better. He prefers sand of a brownish color for Biblical scenes because the figures appear more life-like than when modeled of white or gray sand. After exhibits he tears them down and cleans away the sand.

Ted has made his statuary in nearly every major city from coast to coast. His models have included an unlimited number of subjects including

Presidents, athletes and animals, but most famous of all is his rendition of The Last Supper. He has sculptured nine of these during the past 35 years, each one using 20 tons of sand.

Bible Land is the culmination of his talents. Here his displays are protected from rain and wind by three walls and a roof, with the fourth side open for viewing. Aside from occasional minor repairs caused by colliding birds the sand figures do not deteriorate nor require attention. Ted says that, barring catastrophes in the nature of earthquakes, floods or upheavals, his statues of pure sand will last forever.

Although there is an approach to Bible Land from 395, the safe and easy way to get there is by turning east on Highway 71 a mile south of Temecula, then right at the Pala road junction three-fourths of a mile east of 395. Cross the old cement bridge and bear to the right again for a quarter of a mile. At the foot of the old Rainbow grade turn right once more for a quarter mile and you will be in a little valley of live oaks which surround Ted Conibear's impressive sand statuary.

Since 1957 visitors to Bible Land have filled a stack of thick registers with names and addresses from all over the world. Almost everyone who signs a register adds a few nice words about Ted and his work. To this friendly man of talent who says it would take a mountain of sand, a lake of water and a life of time to do all the sand sculpture he would like, this is his greatest reward. ///



the exciting saga of *Vasquez Rocks*

by Ruth B. Davis

AS SOON AS we'd paid the 50c per car entry fee and parked, my two sons took off at a run to explore the fantastic formations of Southern California's Vasquez Rocks. It was easy to imagine the famous outlaw, Vasquez, and his men hiding out here, especially where we discovered smoke-smudged evidence of camps under sheltering ledges.

The escapades of this notorious outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez, took place between 1854 and 1874. During those 20 years he cunningly eluded capture as he commuted between Monterey County and Los Angeles County committing stagecoach robberies and raids, murders, kidnappings, and am-

bushes. It was here in this wild canyon pocked with caves that he managed to safely "disappear."

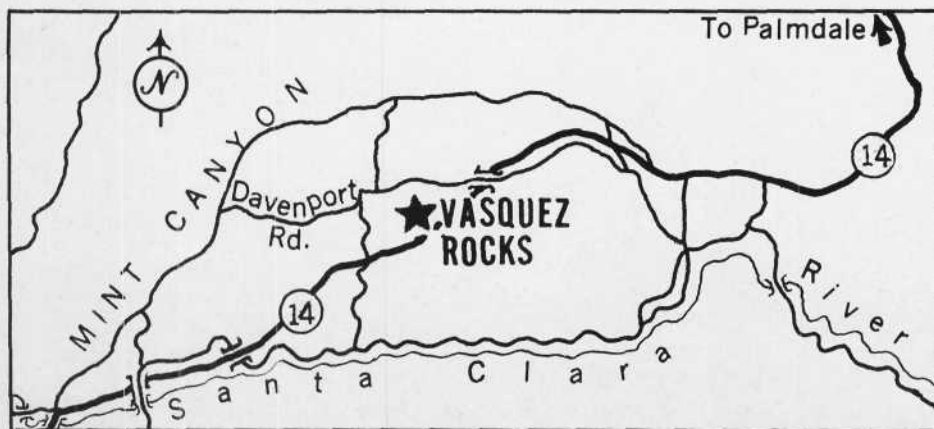
In spite of his crimes, Vasquez was considered by some as a sort of Robin Hood. Often he shared his meat from stolen cattle and sheep with poor Indians and was even known to give money to the destitute.

Who was this man Vasquez? Why did he develop into an outlaw? Naturally his Spanish ancestry contributed to his hostile attitude toward white settlers. Native Californians at that time did not take kindly to the Stars and Stripes—to them a foreign nation.

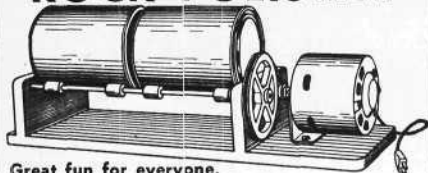
Too, there was justification for their widespread animosity. Many American soldiers *were* overbearing; many miners *were* unnecessarily crude. The best explanation for environmental circumstances contributing to his conduct is found in an interview published in 1881 with the *Los Angeles Star* editor, Benjamin Truman.

Here Vasquez spoke of his hatred for Yankees, "My career grew out of the circumstances by which I was surrounded. As I grew to manhood I was in the habit of attending balls and parties given by native Californians into which the Americans, then becoming numerous, forced themselves by shoving native men aside, monopolizing the dance and the women. This was about 1852. A spirit of hatred and revenge possessed me. I had many fights in defense of what I believed to be my rights and those of my countrymen. I believed we were unjustly and wrongfully deprived of the social rights that belonged to us. Officers were continually pursuing me."

A typical escapade undertaken by the cunning Vasquez was his robbery of Alexander Repetto, an Italian who owned a sheep ranch near Vasquez Rocks. Vasquez heard from his scout, Corona, that Repetto had recently consummated some large sales of



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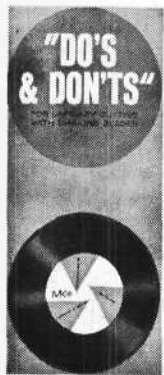
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wool. Vasquez determined to rob him. In the spring of 1874, chieftain Vasquez and his gang encamped in a secluded spot in the Arroyo Seco canyon, dismounted near the Repetto ranch and pretended to be sheep-shearers seeking work. Repetto commented upon Vasquez's smooth hands—too smooth for a sheep shearer! Then Vasquez demanded money. Repetto assured him that \$80 in coin was all he had on the premises. This angered Vasquez, who forced Repetto to produce his accounts. These showed that Repetto retained a great amount of money in the Temple and Workman's Bank in Los Angeles.

Vasquez gave Repetto a choice—to sign a check for \$800 or be hanged from the limb of a tree. He said he only wanted to make a "loan of the amount and would return it soon."

Distraught, Repetto cried, "Pecavi," and signed the check. To avoid alarming authorities, it was decided that Repetto's nephew would ride with it to Los Angeles and return with the money. However, the nephew was so upset that he aroused suspicion at the bank and was prevailed upon to relate his story to Sheriff Rowland.

Vasquez escaped to Cahuenga Pass where he hid in the cabin of Greek George. Here, in 1874, he was at last apprehended. The Los Angeles Sheriff's posse broke in the door. Vasquez broke out the window. But he took a bullet in his shoulder during the fracas and even after throwing up his hands got a load of buckshot in his back from another lawman. Vasquez was bandaged and carried in a wagon to Los Angeles where he recovered.

On March 19, 1875, he paid for his crimes. He was hanged in San Jose. Sheriff Rowland, as a result, received the \$8000 reward.

Although the popular conception of the fierce outlaw is one of brawn, he was actually only about 5' 6" tall and of slight build. Often he wore the full dress of a Spanish gentleman. During his final days in jail he became penitent and dictated a death

statement expressing love for his parents, brothers, sisters, and all children in general.

Included was a touching warning to parents. "To the Fathers and Mothers of Children," he wrote. "Standing upon the portals of the unknown and unknowable world, and looking back upon the life of this, as I have seen, I would urge upon you to make it your greatest aim here to so train, instruct, and govern the young to whom you have given life, that they be kept aloof as far as is possible, from the degrading companionship of the immoral and vicious. The general welfare of society depends upon the strict performance on your part of this duty. The state of society in the next generation depends upon the manner in which the children of the present are instructed and trained. I wish the children throughout the world, who may read the incidents of my life, to take warning in time of the example before them of me, and to realize the force of the saying: *The way of the transgressor is hard!*—the truth of which is now being verified to me."

But, all was not crime and penitence at Vasquez Rocks. Many years later, and to the delight of today's explorers, a large fort was built on the site for the motion picture *The Bengal Lancers*. Disney studio representative visiting the set recently remarked that it would be used again for a film in the near future.

Located three miles east of the Mint Canyon Highway, a new section of the Antelope Valley Freeway entering the Vasquez Rock region through Soledad Canyon is now open. The off-ramp is at Agua Dulce Canyon Road at the Escondido Road entrance—only about an hour from Los Angeles.

Picnic tables are placed among the rock formations and campfires are permissible. Here is an interesting and unusual way to spend a sunny California day. Have fun at Vasquez Rocks, but remember Vasquez' fate—crime didn't pay! ///

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By Janice Beaty

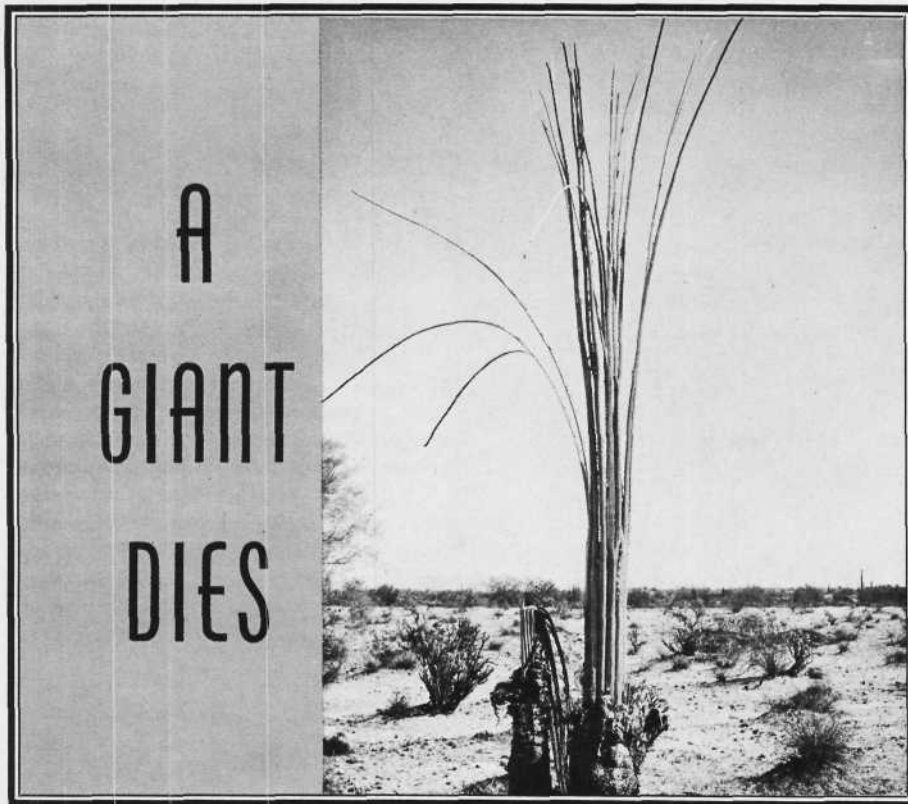
THE DEATH OF a giant is not an easy thing to witness . . . but it can be spectacular. It is a sight viewed all too frequently on Arizona deserts these days. One by one the aged saguaro cactus giants are dying. They are rotting away and crumbling to dust, but leaving behind a unique memento of their existence: a remarkable cactus skeleton.

Upright bundles of "cactus bones" dot every saguaro stand in the state. Arched like the arms of a gigantic ocotillo, these saguaro ribs remain be-

tissues to reveal the woody supporting ribs. Few, if any, young are to be seen.

Does this mean that the saguaro is doomed? Has it, like the dinosaurs, grown too big and become too specialized to survive?

Some of the answers turned up by specialists working to save these cactus giants are quite surprising. They have found that there are actually more saguaros in Arizona today (or until recently) than ever before. Most of the plants are mature ones. Since it takes a saguaro about 100 years to reach its full growth and it may live another 100, this means conditions were exactly right for a great



A GIANT DIES

hind to bleach in the desert sun long after the living plant has disappeared. Some are gathered by Pima and Papago Indians for house construction. A few are used to poke the ripe cactus apples from living saguaro arm-tips in July and August. Even the white man takes his share of cactus ribs to make a picture frame or a saguaro ramada or two. But most remain rooted to the spot where they have stood for 100 . . . 200 years.

As more and more saguaro giants are reduced to "bones," our interest turns to alarm. Where will it all end? We look around and note that most . . . yes, nearly all of the giant cactuses in sight are of the same size, about the same age. Nearly all show signs of the dry rot that will eventually strip away their green plant

saguaro boom between 100 and 200 years ago. Today we have passed the Golden Age of these cactuses. One by one the venerable giants are crumbling away.

The disease which attacks them in their old age is a bacterial necrosis. In the Saguaro National Monument east of Tucson it has been studied intensively for 20 years. Although many of the diseased plants were removed to prevent the spread of this dry rot, such an approach was not too effective. Controlling the disease might add a few more years to the life of the giants, but could hardly produce the young plants needed for eventual replacement of the mature ones.

Here is the crux of the problem. Today's saguaros are mighty slow in

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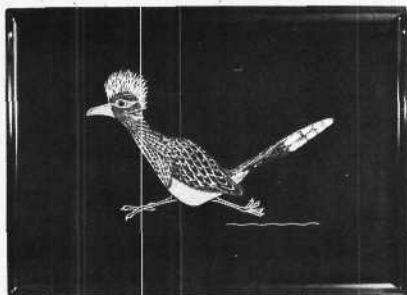
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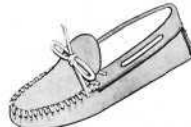
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reproducing themselves. Billions of seeds are formed annually, but few grow into young plants. In a test plot observed since 1900, not one new saguaro has been produced. Estimates state that only one out of 275,000 seeds ever becomes a new plant. Why?

"Because their special needs for survival are not being met," claim the National Park Service people who have studied their plight. First of all, a critical combination of light, temperature and moisture conditions are necessary to germinate the seeds. Then the extremely slow-growing young saguaros need shade, moisture and protection for many years until they are large enough to hold their own. It takes 10 years, for instance, for a baby saguaro to grow four inches!

Over-grazing by cattle has eliminated natural plant cover which would have provided the necessary shade in much of the saguaro's range. The reduction of coyotes, bobcats, snakes, hawks and owls has also added to the survival problem of the baby cactuses. Where there are few such predators, there is a population explosion of small rodents who in turn eat at every small plant in sight, cactuses included. Man's removal of many desert shrubs is another factor lessening their chance for survival. A saguaro seed needs almost to fall directly into the leafy humus around such shrubs in order to sprout at all. No wonder so few young plants grace present saguaro stands!

From this point of view the future of Arizona's cactus giants looks glum, indeed. But those concerned have not been content to let the saguaros die off without a struggle. For 20 years the National Park Service has explored every possible solution. Here is their answer:

The saguaros can eventually be saved through reforestation. At last man has discovered enough of their critical growing requirements to germinate saguaro seeds in a laboratory, start them in lath houses, transplant them to rodent-proof areas, and finally move them to the mature saguaro stands for reforestation. But much time and patience is involved. It takes seven years before a baby plant is large enough to hold its own. The Park Service plans to transplant 10,000 young saguaros in this manner during the next four years. Then it is up to them.

No doubt today's mature saguaros will be long gone before such nursery-pampered young plants reach their full growth. Our descendants will see dry cactus bones on the desert for years to come.

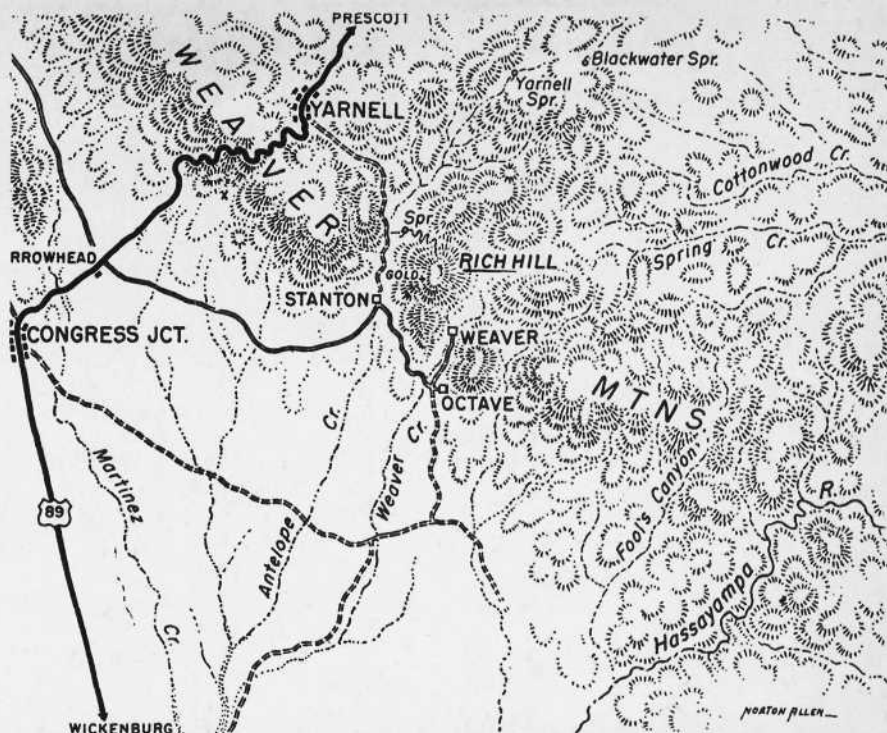
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RICH HILL, ARIZONA. Time was, when the mere mention of the name could set a man's heart a-racing and his mind ablaze with visions of gold nuggets lying there on its flanks . . . just waiting to be scraped off its surface with little more than the tip of a hunting knife or the toe of a man's boot.

All the West flocked in for a look-see. Camps turned to towns. Octave . . . Weaver . . . Stanton arose along the banks of Weaver Creek to the ringing tune of picks biting into stony hillsides and gravel sloshing in the pans. Proud towns they were, with wealth enough to tame the raw wilderness, and men enough to make a permanent mark.

But they didn't. Somewhere along the way the golden dream got tarnished. Somehow the hunting knives began to draw more blood than ore. And the proud towns shriveled till their bones began to show.

Rich Hill, Arizona.



GHOSTS OF RICH HILL

BY JANICE BEATY

Time was, a man could dig a fortune from a 200-square-foot claim. They say Major Peeples picked up \$7000 in loose gold before breakfast his first day there. That was 1863—the year he led his party out across the new territory from California, with old Pauline Weaver for a guide.

Long gone was California's heyday when nuggets still studded the Sacramento's bed. But gold fever would never die so long as one unexplored region remained.

Lured by tales of new placer finds in Arizona, Abraham Harlow Peeples and his followers crossed into the territory at Yuma in May of 1863. Pauline Weaver met them there in answer to Peeples' summons. The old frontiersman was 63, but as rugged and ready to guide men to gold as he had been at 23.

He began by taking the party up along the Colorado River to La Paz where he had discovered placer gold the year before. But the hills to the east sounded even shinier, and on a tip from a friendly Indian, they struck out across country. It was no easy



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trek. With the Arizona summer already upon them and food supplies dangerously low, the little band struggled over countless mountains and across endless deserts with nary a sign of yellow metal.

Then one afternoon as the travelers slumped to a halt beside a stream, Peeples spotted a herd of antelope and took off after them. It was the turning point in a thus-far futile venture. Not only did Peeples bag his antelope (five of them, in fact), but his men found traces of gold in the stream bed. They promptly named it Weaver Creek in honor of their guide and set up camp for the night. In the morning the entire party fanned out along the stream with pans and shovels. All, that is, but four Mexicans whom Peeples sent out to round up some horses that had strayed during the night.

The Mexicans returned in the evening with the stock plus enough gold nuggets to make them rich. The camp went wild with excitement. Next morning the four led Peeples to the exact spot of their gold find—high on the summit of a nearby hill. There were still many nuggets on the surface, but no water to wash away concealing dirt. So they scraped out what they could of the coarse gold with their knives and packed all the dirt they could carry back down to the creek to be panned.

Rich Hill, Arizona.

Within a month the gravel bars and hillsides were aswarm with American and Mexican gold rushers. So rich was the soil that claims were limited to 200 square feet each. Tent towns mushroomed along the creek at the foot of the hill. Eight of the men with the eastern-most claims called theirs Octave. A mile west was Weaver, and on down another mile or so, Antelope Station, later changed to Stanton.

Soon a stage road joined all three to bring in supplies and civilization

... adobe, mud and sturdy stone buildings ... a general store ... 3000 folks to Octave ... 2000 more to Weaver and Stanton ... a dance hall ... saloons.

The towns took on character. Octave—more prosperous when the surface gold played out and rich hill veins were found. Weaver—mostly Mexican, a wild and lawless town which lost its bid for Territorial capital because its citizens were too preoccupied with liquor and dance-hall girls to vote, so they say. Stanton—frame and adobe, prone to use the hired guns from Weaver when it had some business to settle.

1890 and the surface gold was gone. Every square foot of Rich Hill had been turned over, sifted through. And now the three towns were dying. Everyone knew that a town built on gold was doomed from the start. (But did it have to be? Look at prosperous Wickenburg, 20 miles across the desert).

Settlers left Weaver en masse. Robbery, murder and its notorious "King" had the newspapers crying; "It is best if it is never settled again." Stanton followed its neighbor's lead. But Octave took one last look at the hill and sure enough, there were rich quartz veins 1300 feet down. Two shafts were sunk and \$8 million dollars in gold recovered by new and improved methods. Octave's fortunes rose and fell with the price of gold through the 1930's and 40's till the mine shut down for good at the close of World War II and its remaining buildings were razed to reduce taxes. Rich Hill, Arizona.

Men still dig its slopes. But the towns? Bypassed by the paved road to Wickenburg. Nothing left but shards of glass turning purple in desert dumps—stone walls at Octave and a mine shaft—a dozen wooden buildings still at Stanton—Weaver's stoneless cemetery. Nothing left but ghosts.

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Jack Pepper, Publisher

Borrego's Christmas Angel

by Karl von Voightlander

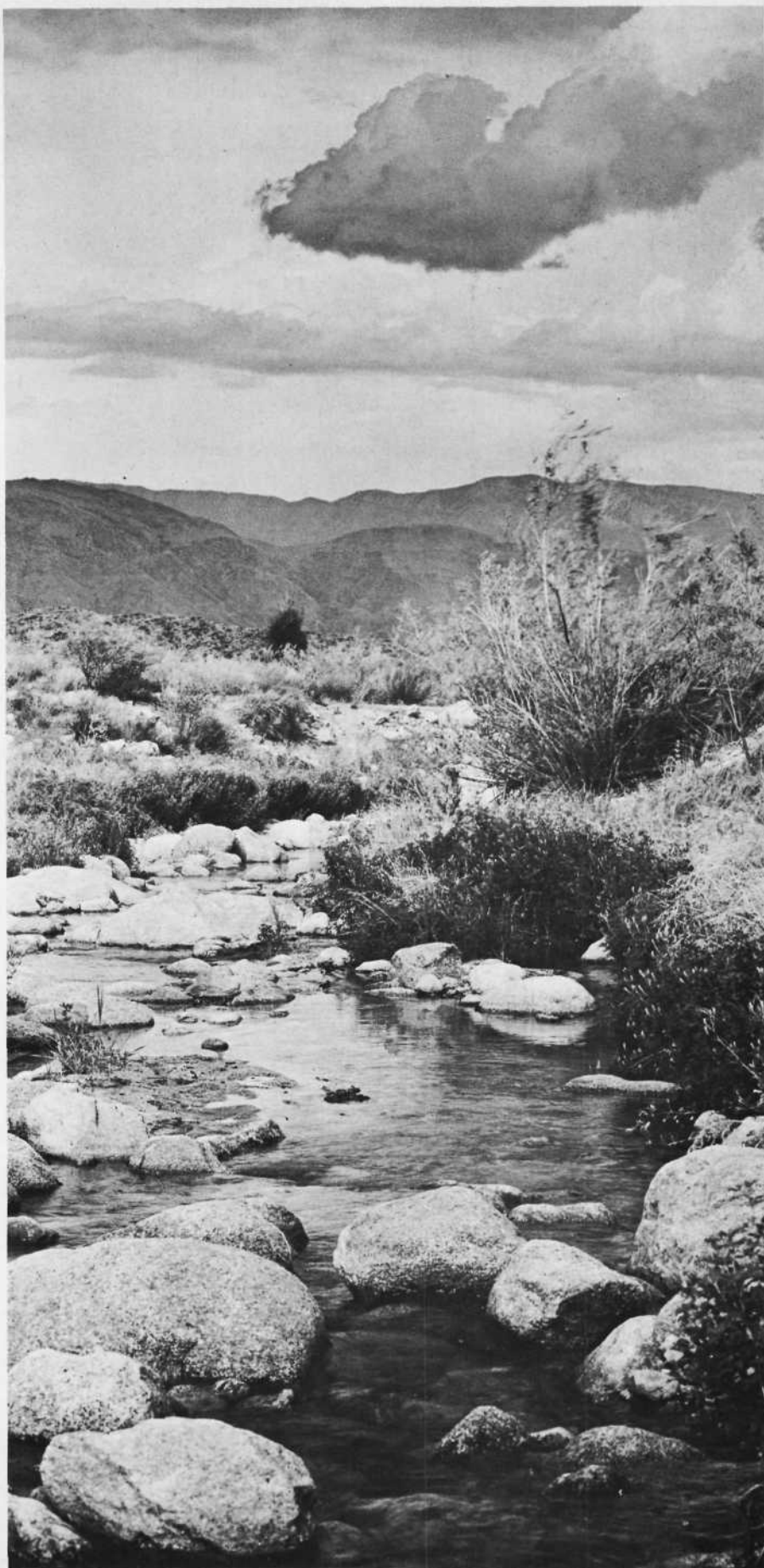
IT WAS THE day before Christmas in the year 1775. A trail-weary mother pointed to a strange apparition on the mountain to the northwest and screamed, "Madre de Dios! Look Father, an angel! An angel points. Surely it's a good omen. Perhaps it points to water."

The emigrants chattered and gesticulated toward the etched figure, but Father Pedro Font smiled grimly. He knew, as did Captain Juan Bautista De Anza, leader of the expedition, that water would be found ahead if the exhausted emigrants had the strength to reach it. While the haggard colonists peered hopefully into the pale, bone-chilling December dawn of the Anza-Borrego Desert, the padre hoped that this woman's superstition might provide that strength.

This migration, the first to travel an inland route from Mexico to California, was the culmination of dreams and work of both clergy and military. Franciscan Fathers hoped for a land route to reach their missions on the lush green coast of California and Captain De Anza, after a reconnaissance to map camp sites and water holes, believed it feasible.

The emigrant party set out from Sinaloa. As they progressed northward from village to village, the exciting news rippled ahead. At last the band numbered 240 persons, 140 pack mules, 25 mules for personal possessions, 500 horses and 350 beeves for food. Under the command of De Anza were 38 soldiers, many with families that included children.

Behind Father Font and De Anza, the caravan of men and beasts stretched along the trail. What thoughts must have crossed the minds of these ragged people as they covered the



1000-mile trail, listening to Father Font drone his daily Alabado! Soldiers rode back and forth along the dusty line prodding stragglers while Lt. Moraga, with a sharp eye open for marauding Indians, commanded the rear guard with muskets primed and ready.

In the beginning the trip was pleasant. There were lush grasses along river banks for grazing and sometimes a gift of watermelon from friendly savages. But after the great Colorado was crossed their trail became known as Camino Del Diablo for good reason. Saddle and pack animals died from lack of water, leaving colonists to stagger afoot through the deep desert sands. One woman, Senora Gertrude Lenares, now obviously pregnant, had to bear her burden as best she could.

If lucky, they drank from pools of stagnant water deposited by flash floods. Yuma Indians were friendly; others they avoided. Sometimes, when firewood was plentiful and frioles scented the evening air, the colonists sang and danced and talked of the homes they hoped to establish in California. After particularly wearying days, De Anza ordered up the rum. Then, despite the stern visaged Father Font, gay fandangos swirled under the glittering sky and romances

budded between soldiers and senoritas.

But always the child carried by Senora Lenares grew larger. That they may not make their destination in time worried De Anza.

In December the travelers reached Superstition Mountain. Their last, and cruelest, trial lay ahead. Mirages, wavering in the heat, plagued them. Forage was scarce and food supplies dwindled, but uppermost in each mind was a fear that desperately needed water might not be found.

Father Font and Captain De Anza urged the straggling line forward, sometimes with excessive pressure. But De Anza could be tender too, as was proven by his consideration for Senora Lenares who must very shortly give birth to her child. At last the pitiful band reached the valley in the cupped bowl of the San Ysidro, Santa Rosa and Vallecito mountains. Ahead to the west frowned the twin peaks of Toro Mountain, snow crowned and still to be conquered. Thirsty, hungry and bone tired, the emigrants wrapped themselves in rags and huddled together for the night. It was the next morning's dawn when the superstitious woman's good omen gave them hope enough to move forward again. Through ocotillo, catsclaw and greasewood they pressed until dusk, when

a great shout resounded from the vanguard. "A miracle, a miracle in the desert!"

Water bubbled down the canyon now known as Coyote Canyon. It tinkled over rocks, soaked marshy cienegas and riffled tender sprigs of water cress before it disappeared again into desert sand. Some of the expedition credited it to the good omen, but most of them fell to their knees and thanked God.

That night, on Christmas eve of 1775, Senora Lenares was delivered of one of the first white children to be born in California. A day later the emigrants resumed their journey to the Pacific.

That desolate valley cupped in mountains is now a lively community. Tourists from all over the country enjoy the peace and tranquil beauty of Borrego Springs. And the strange scar on the mountain still exists. To some it resembles an angel. Others today believe it more closely resembles a golfer about to address a ball, for the figure points toward one of the most beautiful golf courses in San Diego county, the De Anza Desert Country Club, where winter sun that once sparkled on De Anza's silver-lipped helmet now benignly toasts a golden blonde. ///



the distinctive desert resort...

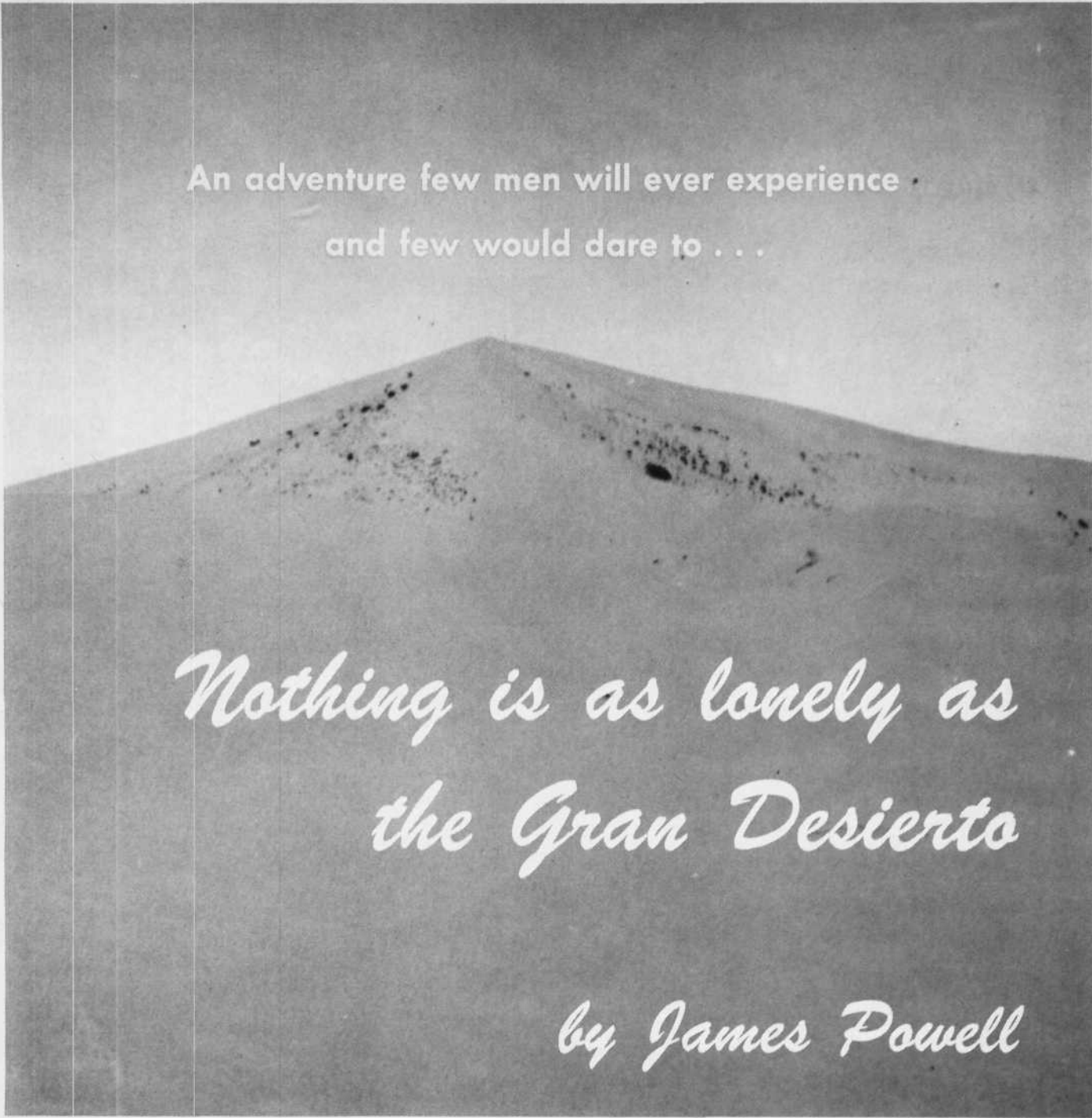
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An adventure few men will ever experience
and few would dare to . . .

Nothing is as lonely as the Gran Desierto

by James Powell

PICK UP A map of Mexico and look at the head of the Gulf of California. On the east a thin ribbon of highway connects the fishing village of Punta Penasco with Sonoyta, just below the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. West of this highway are the vast lava fields of the Pinacate. Now look west from the Pinacate to the valley of the Colorado Desert. Across the north, paralleling at once the U. S. border and Father Kino's Camino del Diablo, Mexican Highway No. 2 runs from Sonoyta to San Luis; to the south, the railway hugs the Gulf. Look between the highway and the railroad, and you will see—nothing. If the map is de-

tailed there may be a peppering of dots with the words "Gran Desierto." Beyond this, you are looking at blank paper.

" . . . a huge, largely unexplored area of sand called by Mexicans the 'Gran Desierto' . . . wild and lonely territory . . . " wrote Edmund Jaeger of this miniature Sahara in his classic, *The North American Deserts*. Now "unexplored" is a hard word to define, and whether it is here applicable in its strict geographic sense I cannot say. But wild and lonely this desert is, else these words have no place in our language. I know, for alone and on foot I recently traversed its void of voids.

Looking south from the Sonoyta-San Luis highway across a level sand mesa dotted with creosote bushes, the central dunes looked deceptively near—a pale, yellow crest on the horizon. These are the *medanos*, the sandy heart of the Gran Desierto and the vastest expanse of Saharan scenery in North America. Reaching up 200 feet at their western end, they run the length of the area, diminishing in height, though not in extent, towards the east. Beyond the dunes a flat, sandy plain stretches south to the railroad and merges with the coastal marshes.

This is a simplified topography for a very complex region. Still, he who

pictures the Gran Desierto as a core of dunes fading north and south into sand and gravel mesas will not be far wrong.

Somewhere amid the highest western dunes lies desolation's single landmark and its only water: the Laguna Priete, or Black Lagoon, a salt lake surrounded by fresh-water seeps. This brackish oasis is no cartographic myth. Photographs by early explorers exist from the turn of the century and I have talked to aviators who have seen it in their flights. The lagoon is there, somewhere, but no two maps show it in the same place. The most popular location is 15 miles east by eight miles south of San Luis. This is incorrect, for in 1962 I explored this area without finding so much as a mud puddle. Local inhabitants place the lagoon further south, much deeper into the medanos, though with no more agreement than the maps. But the lagoon is there.

There, with a question mark, is also the lost mission. Flyers report a clearly visible tower protruding from the summit of a dune not far from the enigmatic lagoon. This might well be a Jesuit mission from the time of Father Kino, engulfed over centuries by the marching hills. It

might equally well be another legend of the lost, without which no self-respecting desert is complete.

It was mid-morning when the trees marking El Doctor, a whistle-stop on the railroad, dropped from sight and I stood alone in the desert. My plan was foolproof—on paper. Nothing could go wrong—on paper. From El Doctor to the highway was 35 airline miles. Allowing for a heavy pack and the difficulty of walking in deep sand, this was still an easy two-day hike. All I had to do was follow my compass a little east of north. Exactly how far east of north I had not bothered to calculate—a mistake I would realize soon enough. Meanwhile, I exulted in the thought that my route would take me through the alleged area of the Black Lagoon, and, for all I knew, the lost mission.

Before leaving I had notified the police in San Luis of my plans—not without apprehension, for authorities, not relishing rescue, have been known to prevent such ventures. These fears were groundless. Commandante Villa-Ramos proved most co-operative. Had I not returned by noon Friday, he was to presume me lost and institute search.

So on that Wednesday morning I

Only occasional splashes of desert flowers broke the monotonous ocean of billowing sand.



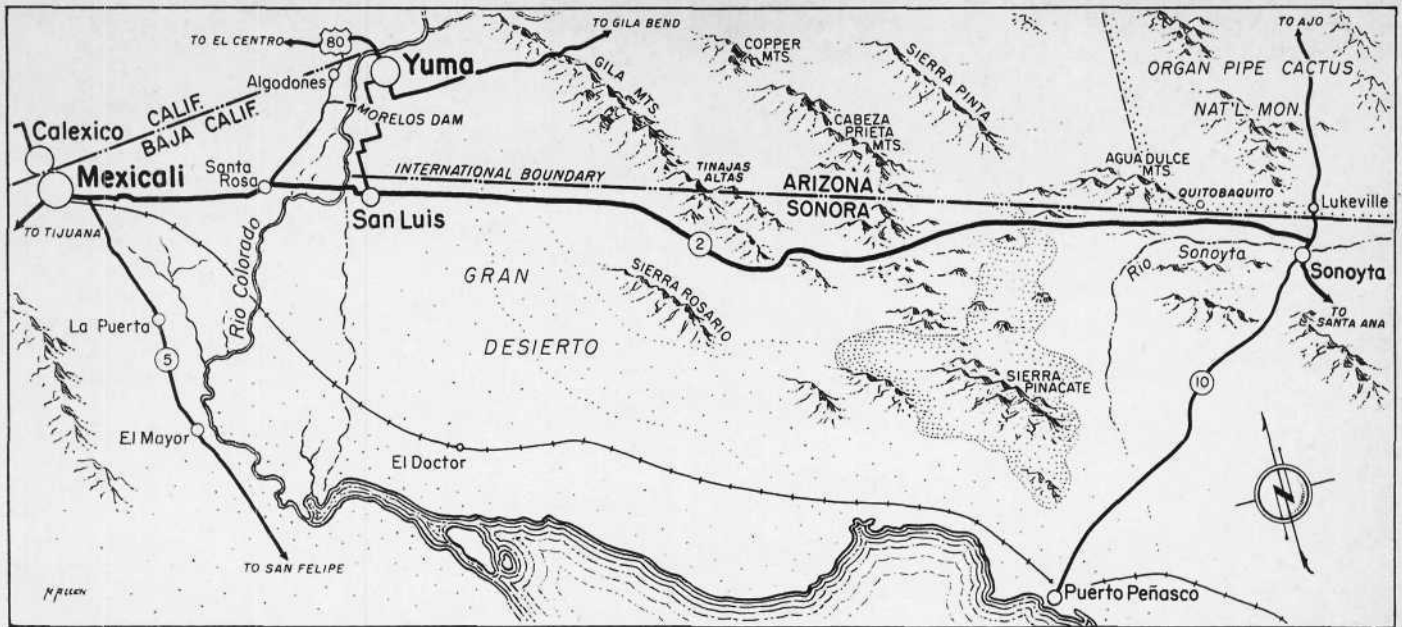
had but one problem—my pack. It grew heavier with every mile and I knew why. In addition to food, two cameras and camping equipment, I carried three gallons, or 24 pounds of water. Allowing a gallon per day for survival, this gave me a full day's margin of safety—not excessive for a lone traveler in so vast an arid area. Still, the weather was cool and by noon I had scarcely touched my canteen. It was tantalizing, this problem of extra weight versus extra security. Should something go wrong, that third canteen would hold life itself. But suppose everything went right . . . ? And every muscle in my back was screaming! Feeling like Faust must have felt as he signed his have-fun-now-pay-later contract, I slowly unscrewed the lid. For a moment there was a pool on the desert floor, then the sand swallowed everything and I went on. How much lighter my pack felt, not just eight pounds, but 800!

It was easy, that first day's hike across the flat southern mesa, easy and monotonous. Only towards evening did I reach the region of the great dunes. At the base of a veritable sand mountain I pitched my camp and from its summit I looked north at things to come. The view was sobering. A silent, yellow ocean billowed endlessly. It was the earth in the beginning, void and without form.

Never have I felt so completely alone. The world of men seemed unreal, a vaguely remembered dream from which I had now awakened. The idea that any living creature besides myself had ever existed, or ever would exist, was absurd in the mineral silence of that desert night.

Morning brought back reality. However far this tumbled desolation might extend, it had to be crossed and the northern mesa gained before nightfall. I had a little over a gallon of water, a day and a half's supply if the weather remained cool. I could only hope my concept of the Gran Desierto as a narrow heartland of dunes flanked by broad mesas was correct.

I had not been long afoot when I encountered the first—and last—pleasant surprise of the day: the area ahead was not solid dunes. Flat, sandy playas, not unlike the mesas, alternated with expanses of dunes in an intricate labyrinth. Across these playas travel was fast and easy, but among the medanos it became a tortuous meander around the larger hills, ending as often as not in a literal swim up the face of one that could not be circumvented. To advance one might require a circuit of two. In the deep sand this was exhausting and, as this day was warmer, I was



using water at an alarming rate. Why, oh why, had I jettisoned that third canteen! As a final coup, the tennis shoes I had worn in place of boots in an attempt to reduce weight proved sand-traps. To empty them was futile; in 10 minutes they would be as full as ever, though the momentary comfort had at least a psychological effect. Each crest approached held promise for a sight of the end of the medianos; each crest surmounted revealed another infinity of sand. Of the Black Lagoon I had seen no sign.

In a hollow between two dunes I found the one human artifact in all my long march: the fragments of a large pottery jar to which subsequent dating by the University of Arizona gave an age of 100 years. Were they a shattered water jar? Did their owner make it afterwards, or perish of thirst? And what was the Indian seeking in so wild and forbidding a wasteland?

Towards noon I found myself approaching the highest ridge yet encountered, a solid barrier of sandy crescents offering no passage except over their top. As I floundered up the powdery walls I sensed that here at last was the backbone of the medianos.

Nor was I wrong. They say a man is not supposed to cry, but from that summit I cried—cried and laughed, then cried some more—with tears of joy. From what looked like but a short distance, the darker expanse of the northern mesa began. Beyond, near the horizon, stood two small, lava buttes. From earlier reconnaissance hikes, I knew them well. They were within two miles of the highway.

I unscrewed the cap on my canteen and drank gulpingly. I was going to make it!

Those pilot buttes meant I was 20 miles east of my presumed location. No wonder there had been no sign of the Black Lagoon! No wonder the desert had seemed endless! Instead of crossing its western end, I had diagonaled through its very heart. Thirty-five miles indeed! By the time I reached the road it would be a good 50. So much the better, I thought, except for one chilling overtone: in so far as I was east of course, by just that far I was east of the area where a searching party might look for me. So if something had gone wrong . . .

In my flush of new hope this seemed unimportant. Nothing was going to go wrong. Barring kismet, I was going to make it. The worst was over!

The worst was still to come. From my vantage point the end of the medianos looked near. Had I bothered to look behind me I would have noticed that the two great dunes marking my night's camp did not seem much further. And the area ahead was continuous dunes, without the alternating playas where flat, straight walking had so eased the morning's march.

As ridge after sandy ridge crept by I realized how premature had been my celebration. Where possible I contoured the crests; here the footing would be firm for one step, then plunge me knee-deep into a disintegrating sand-slide on the next. But the breeze made this preferable to the hollows, where the pastel walls of the dunes turned the breathless air into a reflector oven. For long sandy

stretches it was only by constant reference to the compass I was able to maintain any sort of course. With mounting fear I watched as my strength, my water, and the western sun declined while the medianos went on endlessly. With thirst and exhaustion they had become the only realities. Hell would freeze and eternity pass, but not those dunes! It was as if the desert, jealous at my impending victory, determined to give me a trouncing to remember before it let me go.

Yet let me go it did, and an incredulous traveler stood at last on the northern mesa, there to face a new problem: to camp or not to camp. For a fresh, strong hiker the remaining miles would be a sprint, but "fresh, strong hiker" was scarcely my portrait. In the two hours of daylight left I could not hope to make the highway, if indeed I could make it at all without an extended rest. And there would remain the problem of flagging a ride into San Luis during the witching hours.

I went on, if only because I didn't have enough water to stay. I would walk till I could walk no further, then camp where my legs buckled. So I emptied my shoes, then shouldered my pack and began to plod slowly towards the two lava buttes.

It was dark when I got there. Only two more miles! In the clear desert night the North Star, like all its fellows, looked close and bright. I started towards it. And then I saw some other lights. They were beautiful lights. They were the headlights of

(Continued on Page 34)



GOADING THE GOLD GHOSTS OF GLAMIS

by JACK PEPPER
photos by the author

Desert's
trip of the
month

I WAS EXAMINING some pre-historic Indian writings and wondering how many hundreds of years old they were when my wife called from the bottom of the wash.

"There's where I'd stake a claim," she said, "up there by that quartz outcrop." I looked where she pointed and, sure enough, a spot of white capped the peak of the mountain. "Look," she exclaimed, "it only shows from this angle. If you move a few feet either way, it disappears."

We were in an area where gold and silver mines had been found and lost because prospectors were not standing at the right spot at the right time to see the right thing. Choral's enthusiasm was contagious. Instead of continuing our trip, we established camp on the banks of the wash and made plans to climb the mountain and find our fortune in the cool of the following morning. Meanwhile, we pondered over a name for what we were certain would prove the greatest strike since the Mother Lode. The "Squattin' Squaw," we decided to name it, in honor of Choral.

Ready to go at dawn, we followed a combination Indian and animal trail. Although anxious to get to the top, we stopped along the way to pick up some chalcedony roses and examine what appeared to be fossilized animal tracks.

As we neared the top, Choral kept asking if I knew how to stake a claim.

"Of course I do," I panted, which, of course, I didn't. However, our 12-year-old son, Trent, contributed information on the subject.

"All you have to do is leave a note in a Prince Albert can that says, 'This mountain and all minerals including gold, silver, uranium and any yet unknown valuable minerals are hereby claimed by the undersigned from now on,'" he suggested.

That sounded good enough for me, but when I felt my pockets they were empty. I wondered if Pegleg had ever forgotten his paper and pencil and Prince Albert can.

Just as I had resolved to prick my finger and write on a stone in blood—provided I had any left after the climb—we reached the top of the peak and saw our fortune disappear. The white outcropping of the Squattin' Squaw was white wash! A pole with a flag, evidently used as a survey or aircraft marker, lay on the ground. Had it not fallen over, we'd never have undertaken the climb to the top of what turned out to be Palo Verde Peak. However, we wouldn't then have had the excitement of the search nor the thrill of a spectacular sunrise view.

"Don't worry," I told Choral, "someday we'll find the Squattin' Squaw and you'll live in a mansion like Eilley Orem," but secretly I was relieved. Now I didn't have to admit I'd forgotten a paper and pencil.

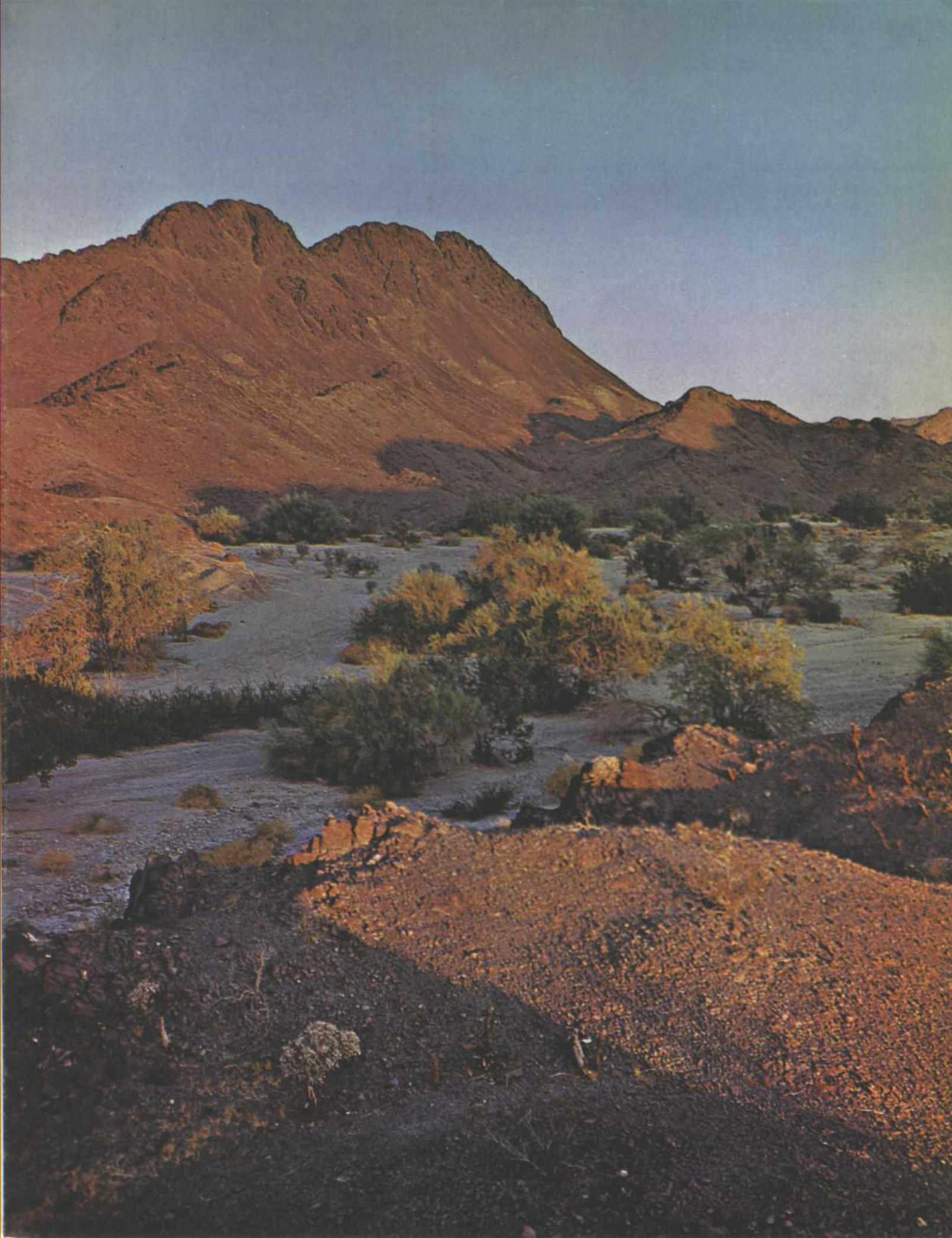
This adventure climaxed a perfect weekend trip into a section of California's Imperial County.

On a prearranged schedule we met Bob Bennett, fire-ball director of the Imperial Valley Development Agency, at Brawley, where our 70-mile trip to Palo Verde began. With Bob in his passenger car were his wife, Robbie, and their 13-year-old son, Steve. In our Volkswagen camper were the three of us, our dog, Pogo, food for two days, shovels, two gold pans, cameras and a mineral detector.

Although I have yet to find the elusive buried treasure with our metal detector, I always carry it with me. I am certain one of these days the detector's buzzing will be caused by something more valuable than a buried can!

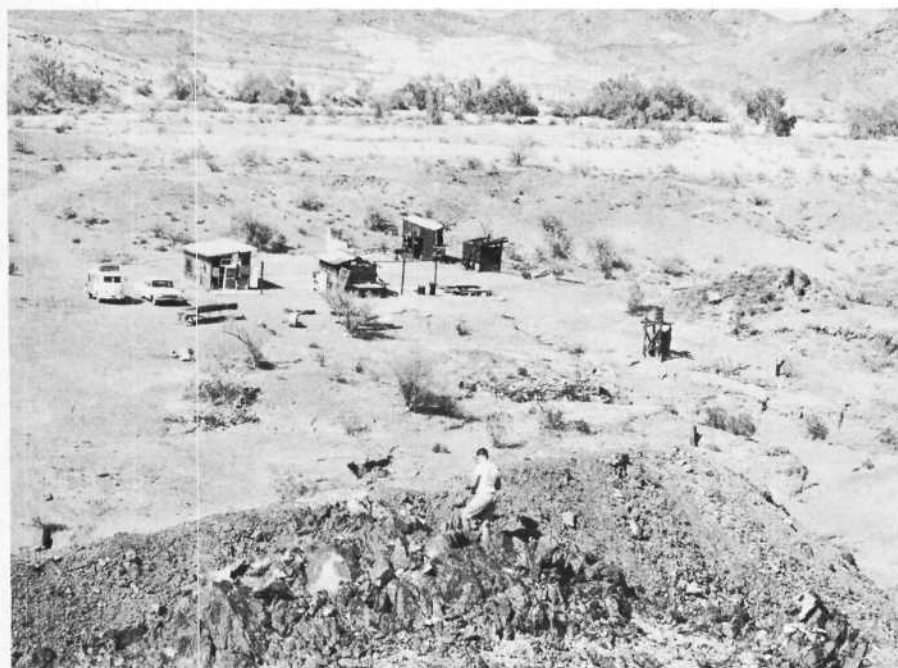
After a short stop to let the boys roll down the sand dunes 16 miles east of Brawley, we drove to Glamis, a station established as a rail head in 1880. Food, household goods, mining equipment and passengers were brought from Los Angeles via the railroad to Glamis, where freight was put on buckboards and hauled to its destination. The present day Ben Hulse Highway parallels the old wagon trail. Glamis once had a hotel for passengers who wished to rest before heading for the hills, but with the construction of a railroad to Blythe and from San Diego to the Brawley area, Glamis lost its importance.

It still has a general store and post office, however, which are run by Ev-

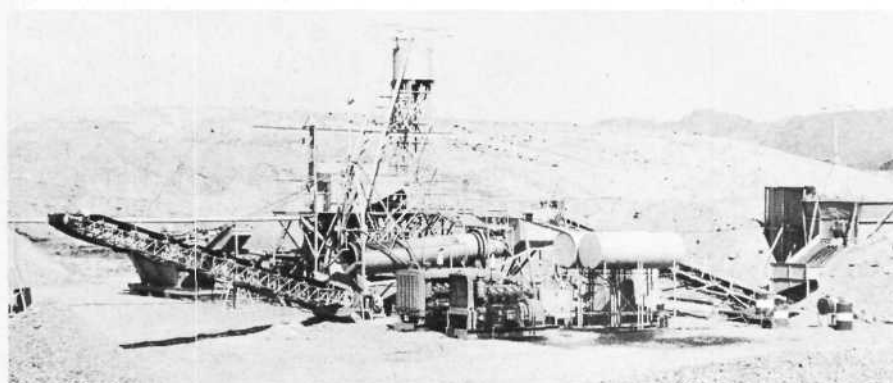




It was feverish work climbing to the "Squattin' Squaw" on the top of Palo Verde Peak.



Interesting rocks and old buildings are all that remain of the Paymaster Mine which once produced \$9,000,000 in silver. The Gold Basin Rand Mine today is a profitable placer operation utilizing modern equipment.



erett and Marie Van Derpoel. The fascinating story of how Everett and his father, Weston Van Derpoel, discovered gold in the Chocolate Mountains after 20 years of prospecting by the elder Van Derpoel was revealed by Randall Henderson in the August, 1939, *DESERT Magazine* shortly after its discovery. At that time the Mary Lode Mine was estimated to be carrying values as high as \$5000 a ton. Pauline Weaver and Pegleg Smith had prospected the area earlier without finding a ledge, only to be outdone by the Van Derpoels, Imperial Valley farmers who prospected on weekends.

But the rich discovery they hoped would compensate for 20 years of hard work came too late. It was the wrong time for the Van Derpoels. Confident the strike was rich, they spent a year bringing in equipment. Then came Pearl Harbor and World War II. Unable to get dynamite, mining equipment and supplies, they were forced to suspend operations. Later that entire section of the Chocولات was leased by the Federal Government for an Aerial Gunnery Range and is still restricted to military personnel.

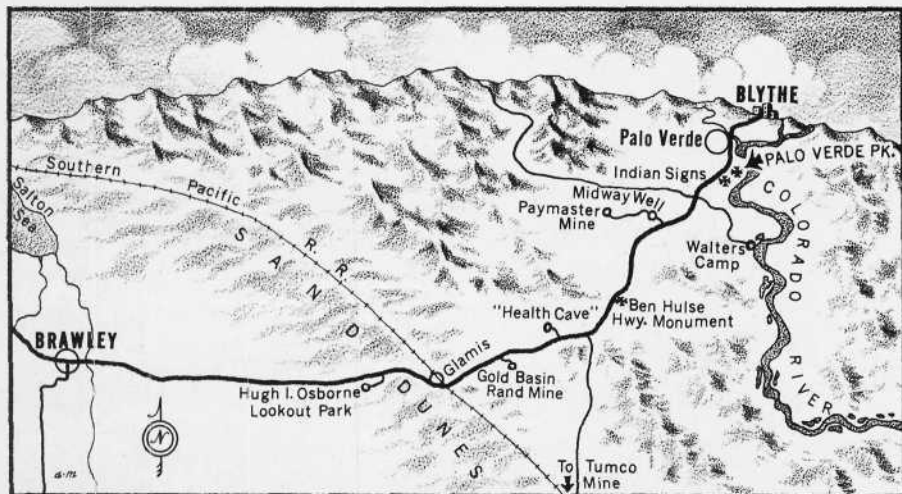
Today, prohibited from working his own mine, Everett sells supplies to weekend prospectors and rock hunters who visit the unrestricted area of Chocolate Mountains. Resigned to the situation, he says, "Even if Uncle Sam did release the land, I doubt that we could make a profitable venture out of the mine today. Before the war we paid \$6 a box for dynamite and men worked for \$4 a day plus board and room. Today dynamite costs \$25 a box and who would work in a mine when they can strike it rich in an airconditioned electronics plant? It's too hard to get to the mine and too expensive to work . . . we just found it at the wrong time."



Midway Well provided water for the early freight wagon trains. It is still a cool spa for thirsty travelers.



Bob and Robbie Bennett inspect padlocked entrance to mine-cave. The owner claimed it had health-restoring qualities.



Along the Ben Hulse Highway rock hunters find a variety of rocks and minerals. Using a metal detector, Trent gets a buzzing from some rocks which he took back to school for identification.

And yet, only five miles north of Glamis, gold is being "mined" in a modern, profitable operation pioneered by a dynamic young oil engineer who has found more profit in gold mining than in oil drilling.

Old time prospectors probably wouldn't recognize the operation as a gold mine. Located in a valley rather than a mountain, gold is taken from sand and limestone pits not any deeper than 70 feet. These are two important factors which make the gold mine profitable to operate.

Chester Adams, general manager and partner in the Gold Basin Rand Mine, explained to us that gold is measured by the yard instead of the ton. There are two sources: flakes washed from the mountains into alluvial fans and gold pushed up through the earth from magna by means of a hydro thermal process. So, instead of dynamiting to get the gold, Adams separates it from the earth by hydraulic means at an estimated cost of \$1.25 a yard, which averages \$3.09 worth of gold. Adams agrees with Van Derpoel, however, that the cost of large scale hard rock gold mining today, with gold pegged at \$35 an ounce, would be prohibitive unless the gold vein were of an exceptionally high grade.

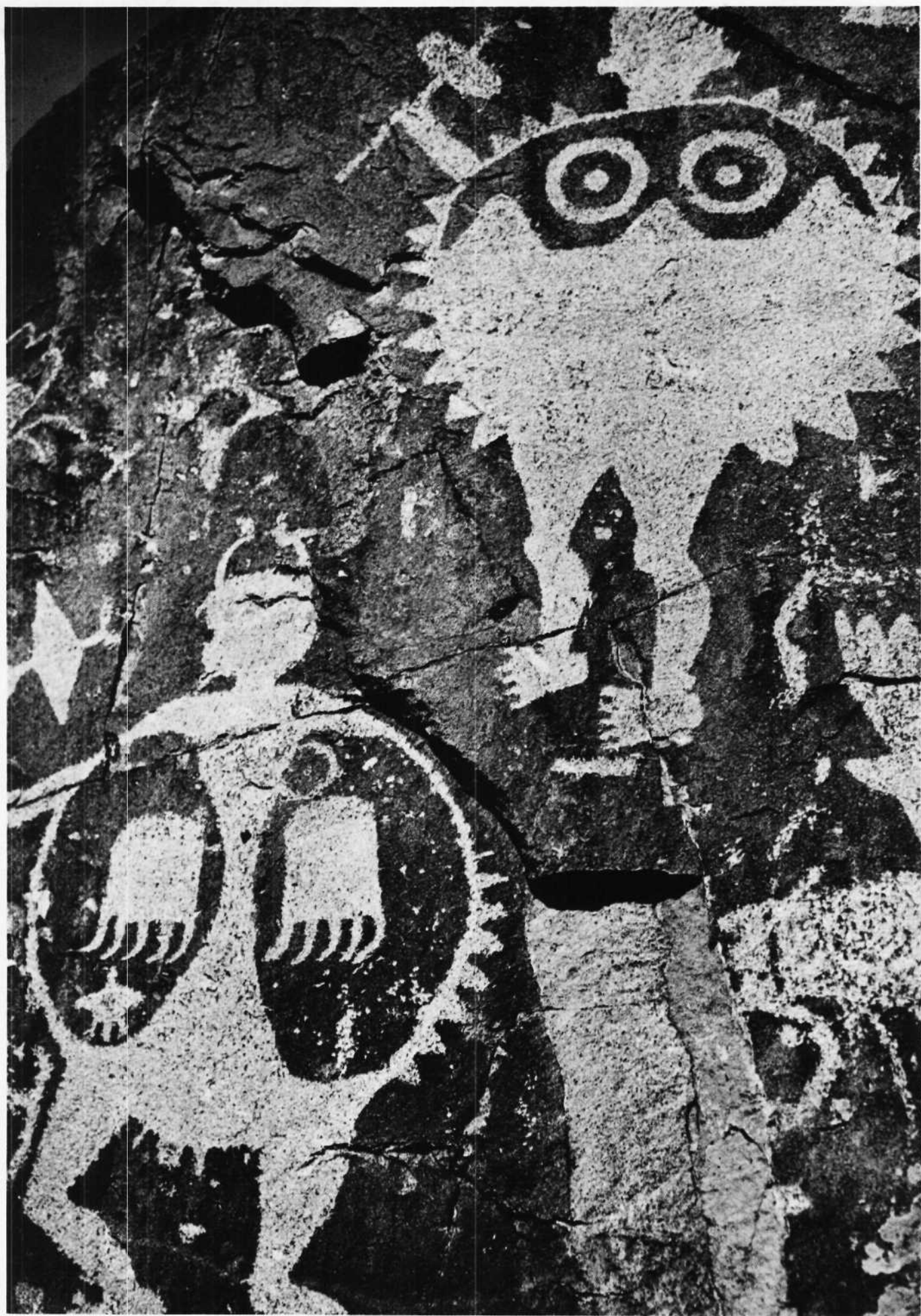
Due to insurance and other legal technicalities; Adams must, reluctantly, prohibit visitors from entering the area.

Exactly 10.4 miles from Glamis is a good gravel road to the left which leads to an abandoned uranium mine a health promoter turned into an enterprise which probably netted more returns than a gold mine. That

(Continued on Page 33)



Bob Bennett tries out the shower facilities once used by the miners at the Paymaster Mine. Water was hauled from the Colorado River.



THE CORN SHRINES OF THE TANOS

by C. M. MONTGOMERY

CORN IS THE oldest cultivated crop in the Americas. Domesticated from wild, heavy-seeded grasses in South and Central America nearly 7000 years ago, it slowly spread northward and reached its peak of development among the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest.

That a single product could effect such great influence over the destiny of a people, as has corn over the pueblo builders, is not unique in Indian history. For thousands of years the Eskimo, for instance, has been dependent upon the seal family. In a like manner the Plains Indian was dependent upon the American buffalo and his predecessors upon the *Bison taylori*, a huge beast which became extinct about 10,000 years ago.

It is not surprising then that corn, or maize, was a dominating factor in shaping the destiny of the Pueblo Indian. It required of him a definite pattern of life and an environment which had as its prime requisite—water. Consequently, his pit houses and pueblos were built in areas of favorable soil and dependable moisture, mostly along the courses of perennial streams. In developing corn as a basic food product, the Pueblo Indian progressed from small nomadic bands, dependent upon hunting and food-gathering, to large sedentary communities dependent upon agriculture.

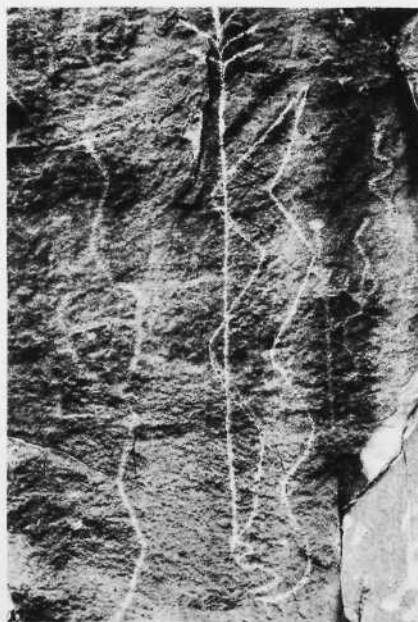
Such an agricultural group was the Tano Indians, now extinct, who moved into the Galisteo Basin of North-central New Mexico shortly after 1200 A.D. and occupied the area until the Indian Rebellion of 1680-1692. The Galisteo Basin is a semi-

desert depression roughly 15 miles long and 8 miles wide, located some 20 miles south of Santa Fe. Scattered within the confines of the Basin, the Tano people built eight major pueblos, the easternmost of which was San Cristobal.

Arroyo San Cristobal leaves towering Glorietta Mesa by way of a steep-walled, rocky gorge and levels out westward onto the comparatively flat, alluvial plains of the Basin. Here at the mouth of the gorge, protected by the mesa wall on the east, a continuing arm of the mesa on the north and a smaller mesa to the southwest, the Tanos built two pueblos, one on either side of the stream. And here, for nearly 500 years, the Tanos tended their reservoirs and irrigation ditches, worked their fields, and invoked the spirits for bountiful harvests. Among the scattered boulders on the slope

and on the face of the rim-rock higher up are hundreds of petroglyphs recording their hopes and prayers, their supplications to supernatural spirits, and their tragedies. One large panel depicts what appears to be a hunting expedition which ended in death. Quite graphically it shows one member of the party looking on helplessly while his companion is devoured by a mountain lion. There are pictures of elk, deer, small animals, turkey hunts, birds, reptiles, Kachina figures, ceremonial masks, geometric designs and many others.

The most predominant motifs, however, and probably the most numerous of a given category, are those pertaining to the raising of corn. Rain, lightning, clouds, and sun symbols were pecked into the rock in an apparent attempt to control the elements through magic. There are caterpillar, butterfly and other insects, some beneficial to crops, others injurious. Also portrayed are birds that ate their seed corn, and falcons and hawks which benefited the Indian by preying upon these birds. *Kokopelli*, the Humpback Flute Player who, according to legend, played his flute to the



Above: Entire face of boulder is covered with stalks of irrigated corn in various stages of growth. Semi-circular lines at top right depict reservoirs and other lines signify irrigation ditches. Small figure at left is head of insect. Left: Awanyu, the great horned serpent, figured in religious ceremonies of Tanos. A rain deity, it is shown here in an inverted position meant to bring moisture to the roots of the six-foot corn stalk. (Some of these figures were chalked by author for better visibility.)

growing corn is represented in several petroglyphs, and so is *Awanyu* the great horned serpent, a rain deity who brought moisture to their crops. One well-executed panel shows both male and female figures of the great horned serpent. It is interesting to note the similarity between *Awanyu* of the Pueblos and *Quetzalcoatl*, the great feathered serpent worshipped by the Maya and Aztec.

That the economic and religious life of the Tanos revolved about corn is an historical fact. Castaneda, Coronado's historian, in writing about a visit to the San Cristobal region in 1540, describes large underground granaries stocked with corn. N. C. Nelson, who partially excavated both of the pueblo ruins at San Cristobal in 1912, states in his *Pueblo Ruins of the Galisteo Basin* that a cache of 36 metates, or milling stones, was found in one abandoned kiva. He also described two water reservoirs which had been constructed by the Indians. One was nearly 1000 feet long and 600 feet wide, contained by a dam fully 300 feet long, five feet high, and measuring approximately 50 feet through at the base; the other, a smaller reservoir, was located immediately above the larger one. Numerous manos and metates still lie scattered about the ruins.



Aerial view of the San Cristobal petroglyph field in New Mexico. Both rimrock in background and scattered boulders are covered with glyphs.

Corn petroglyphs illustrating stalks in various stages of growth are scattered throughout the area. The entire face of one large boulder is devoted to a field of corn. But by far the most interesting is the "corn shrine." On the slope a few hundred feet below the rim-rock, and near the

western edge of the boulder field, there is a cluster of massive rocks grouped in such a manner as to form a small amphitheater with an opening to the west. Upon entering this enclosure, your attention is immediately commanded by a group of well-executed petroglyphs to the left. The central figure is a mature corn stalk about four feet tall, bearing two full-grown ears of corn . . . Just below the corn stalk is a depression which formed a basin in the solid rock. To the left of the basin, in the vertical face of the rock, is an oval-shaped niche which appears to have been hollowed by hand. A curious thing about this basin is that even after prolonged dry spells, it always contains water! A careful examination revealed no visible evidence of a spring and the search was made in the knowledge that Indians, in quitting an area, often plugged their springs and destroyed all evidence. In accounting for the water, my conclusion is that rain falling in the area must funnel down through the surrounding rocks and percolate through a maze of cracks to finally emerge through two seams above the basin as barely perceptible seeps. This is strengthened by the fact that the two narrow seams are lined with moss. The rocks, then, act as hidden reservoirs, trapping the surface water and releasing it barely in excess of the evaporation rate of the basin water.

It is logical to assume that the Indians would notice the phenomenon of a perpetually filled basin and convert it to ceremonial use by carving above it a mature cornstalk—the staff of life. Here, if I may let my imagination roam, they must have gathered at appointed times to stage their ceremonial corn dances, much in the same manner that Pueblo Indians along the Rio Grande do today.

The Tano Indians are now extinct. Having bridged the transitional gap between prehistoric and historic times, surviving members of the San Cristobal Pueblo moved westward around 1700 to join the Hopi Indians of Arizona. According to some sources it was these refugees who brought the Kachina masks found among the Hopi today.

Much has been learned of these people by their pottery, dwellings and artifacts, but, in my opinion, there is much more to learn from the picture records they left on the rocks of San Cristobal. History is there, clearly written by the hand of an extinct people—a people who lived on the banks of the Arroyo San Cristobal longer than the white man has lived in America.

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Apprehensive explorer enters unexplored region of Colossal Cave.

The Colossal Legend of COLOSSAL Cave

by Patrice Smart

COLOSSAL CAVE, that big underground hole in the Rincon Mountains near Tucson, Arizona, is probably the largest dry cave in the world. It is one of Arizona's wonders and is beautiful, unique, colorful and easy to explore.

First discovered by aboriginal Indians whose relics were found in it by early Western settlers, the caves also claimed a bandit's treasure still unrecovered. This is only one of the mysteries that excite speleologists. It is not yet known exactly how large the cave is nor how far its weird passageways and columns tunnel into the mountain.

Even its bats presented a paradox until Dr. E. Lendell Cockrum of the University of Arizona discovered that they were Mexican fruit-eating bats that had flown up to sip Arizona's cactus blossom nectar and had remained to establish a gigantic nursery in Colossal Cave!

The Cave's delicate and fantastic crystal formations were formed over a period of tens of thousands of years. They are limestone of Mississippian origin once formed in a great inland sea from calcium deposits laid down by the remains of a sea creature called *crinoid*. Underground waters carved eight miles of this limestone into formations resembling elves, animals, buildings, a Madonna, a frozen waterfall, and a seemingly endless number of connecting chambers.

In the 1800s a Southern Pacific train was robbed of \$62,000 in gold by four masked bandits who fled to their hideout in Colossal Cave. Posse tracked them there, but the outlaws eluded the posse somewhere inside the cave's recesses where they also cached the loot. Three weeks



later officers returned to build fires in the caves, hoping this would smoke out the robbers. However, the bandits had already escaped through an unknown opening on the other side of the mountain.

The posse was unaware of their escape until a cowboy from Willcox arrived on the scene to advise them that four heavily-armed men were shooting up the town and bragging about how they'd tricked the sheriff. Immediately the posse set out for Willcox, where they found and killed three of the robbers. The fourth claimed not to know where the gold was cached, but told of their escape passage through the back of the mountain. He was sentenced to 18 to 28 years in prison.

After his release in 1912, he returned to Tucson and remained for a few weeks. When he left, he was trailed to the cave wherein he disappeared and was never again seen. The Wells Fargo agent who followed entered the cave, but found only several empty

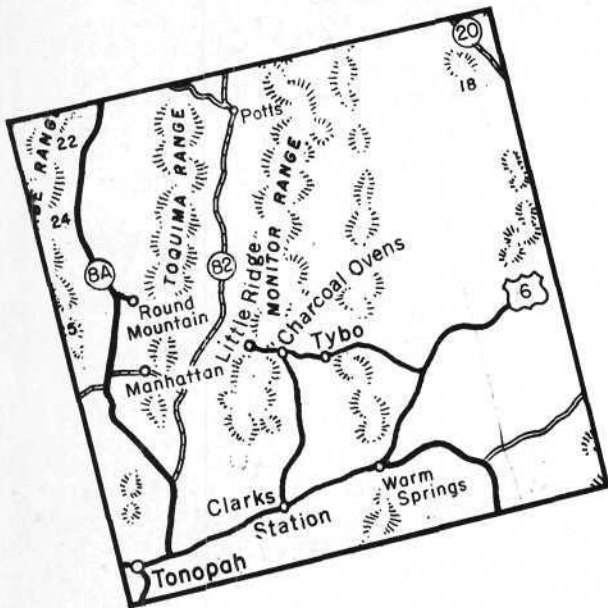
money sacks. The gold itself, like the man, remained unfound.

Colossal Cave was opened in 1922 and entered with the aid of ropes, candles and courage. The Civilian Conservation Corp devoted four years to paving parts of it with flagstone, erecting stairways and installing handrails for safety. The cave has since been opened to the public. It maintains a constant 72-degree temperature, is well lighted, houses no harmful animals, reptiles or bugs, and daily guided tours are conducted through its explored and accessible sections. The area is now established as a Pima County park and picnic grounds are nestled into an immense mesquite-filled valley below the cave. A scenic 30-minute drive along the old Spanish Trail from Tucson contributes to the adventure that awaits within the cave.

But the adventure that awaits the first speleologist to traverse the entire underground labyrinth is yet to come!

///

TYBO 3-SHOT



TYBO NUMBER ONE

BURIED TREASURE and hidden loot stories are sort of like politicians—you rarely hear of a modest one.

Since the days of *Ali Baba* and *Treasure Island*, the subject of buried treasure produces visions of caves on faraway islands overflowing with coins, golden goblets and glittering gems.

By comparison, the following caches of buried money are of small calibre, but they are as close as Nevada and it takes only a car, camp outfit, and a metal detector to try for them—plus plenty of persistence.

To be more explicit, here are three locations within a five mile radius. Two locations are fairly well authenticated, but one is only hearsay. If your luck is better than mine and you have plenty of batteries, time, energy, and patience you might find a few thousand dollars worth of old coins. This won't make you rich enough to run for President, but you can brag the rest of your life of finding a buried treasure!

So far as I know, the stories are not common property up to now, and I saw no evidence that other money hunters had "bugged" the area. At various depths below the surface I found a rusted Bowie knife, burro shoes, some kitchen cutlery and

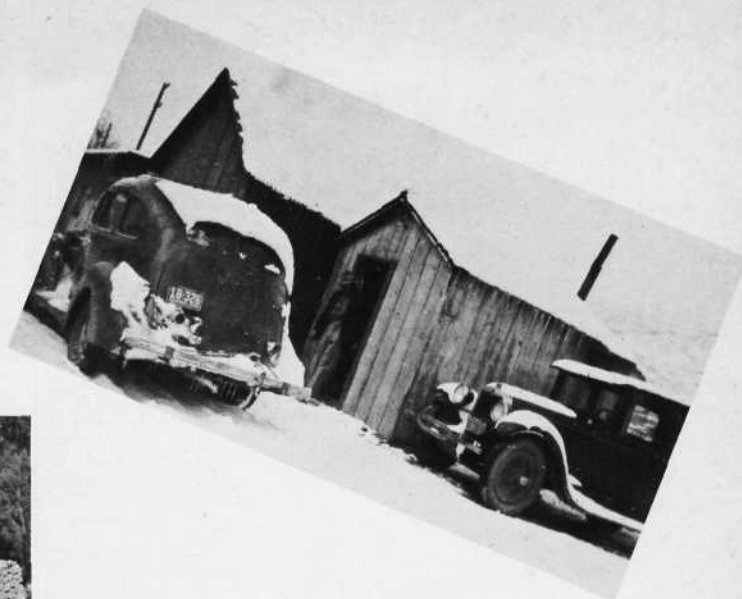
mouldy letters wrapped in rags and covered by a dishpan. But NO gold.

I made two hunts for the money caches. My time was limited both trips and I could work only the most likely spots. Fall and Spring are the most enjoyable seasons, as the area is high and winter snow storms can be rough.

In the fall of 1938 my prospecting budget was at a low ebb because, in a weak moment, I had decided to shoot the works and buy the best model I could get of an early type metal detector. As soon as the pleasure of owning a shiny new electronic toy had somewhat abated, I faced up to the reality that the new metal detector was not much good unless I took it to an area where it could spot something better than rusty tin cans. With a bunch of good leads, the golden wake of the Nevada boom camps was my target.

Unfortunately, the camps were scattered over thousands of square miles. I had a friend whose father had a machine shop so between us we solved the transportation problem. I had an old Nash straight six sedan. We fitted it out with two separate fuel systems, a fuel vaporizer, an ignition timing control device, and a straight muffler pipe that went under the car and stuck up past the rear roof like a diesel truck. I had to start and get it hot with gasoline, then switch to the other fuel. It

**Another
Treasure
Hunt
with
KENNETH MARQUISS**



Top: Paul Irwin coming out of the shack where we holed up during a snow storm. My old Nash "Go-Devil" is on right. Left: I was "bugging" one of the house ruins near the ovens.

would burn anything liquid except water, sounded awful, and smelled worse, but, would it GO!

It not only furnished cheap transportation, but its novelty worked wonders "along the grub line" in Nevada's remote areas. When my hosts found out what I was after, I got a number of new leads on places where money was supposed to have been buried in the old days.

About 50 miles east of Tonopah, Nevada, is a store-bar-cafe-filling station combination called Warm Springs. It was a most welcome sight that cold, dark afternoon in '38. I pulled out of a blinding snow storm, parked in the lee of one of the buildings, and headed inside for the warmth of the stove.

Another traveler waiting out the storm at Warm Springs was a Nevada resident from Duckwater named Paul Irwin. He had been raised in the area, knew everybody, and had some free time so we threw in together for several weeks of money hunting.

These are two of his stories.

When he was a boy, he knew an old timer who drove a stage from Tybo to the county seat at Belmont. One of this stage driver's passengers, on an early morning west-bound trip, was a Belmont gambler who had been in Tybo to help the miners celebrate payday. Having been unusually

lucky, he had won better than \$3000 on the two previous nights.

However, a number of his "plucked pigeons" became quietly doubtful about the quality of his "luck." Tipped off to this effect, he caught the stage at the edge of town, carrying the metal part of his winnings in a canvas ore sack. Although he packed a gun, he was nervous and, to an observer, appeared to be expecting an ambush.

At McCann's Summit west of Tybo, when the horses stopped to blow, the gambler gave the driver a gold half-eagle, got off with his sack of money and asked the driver to wait for him at the charcoal ovens (about a mile down the west grade) where the driver always stopped to water the horses.

The driver told Paul that the gambler couldn't have hidden his sack of money very far from the road because they had to wait only about 10 minutes for him at the ovens. He said the gambler told him he would come back to get his money "when the boys have cooled off a little."

The stage driver never did get a gold coin tip for stopping on this occasion. Three nights later a local Belmont "sucker" topped the gambler's four jacks with single potent ace from a snub-nosed derringer.

So, somewhere between McCann's Summit and the charcoal ovens on the western slope of the Hot Creek

Range west of Tybo, buried by bare hands and not too far from the old stage road, is a rotting sack of hard money stained with cheating and blood—almost as romantic as pirate loot! It has been buried long enough for the corrosion from the silver to give you a good "whistle" on your detector, if you can just figure out where the gambler decided to hide it!

TYBO NUMBER TWO

The second location is close to the same charcoal ovens where the gambler caught up with the stage. Paul related that an early Portuguese charcoal contractor had collected a large sum due him from the Tybo smelter about the time Chinese labor trouble erupted. It was known that the Portuguese contractor had been saving his money to bring over to America some relatives to work for him. He was also in the habit of burying his money, as he had had a painful experience with a frontier bank.

Shortly after receiving his big payment from the smelter, he went to Tybo to recruit woodcutters. There he was found, near the east side of the pass, with his neck broken. His horse had thrown him.

One of the Occidental oven-tenders, who worked for the contractor, re-

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The charcoal ovens, looking approximately W-S-W. There are more ovens and house ruins through the pass behind the ovens. The old Belmont Stage road swings down the canyon to the right.

ported that his boss went northwest from the dug-out stone houses across from the ovens on his money caching trips and was generally gone for about three quarters of an hour.

It should be remembered that the timber was cut around the ovens in those days so the contractor's cache is probably out of sight over a ridge from the ovens—possibly near a crumbling old stump or large rock to serve as a marker.

Just how Paul got his information on this one, I don't remember, as in those days I was interested in locations, not history. However, an old-timer I ate lunch with at Locke's Station on the Warm Springs to Ely road told me much the same story, so the location account probably has merit.

Paul's account indicated the con-

tractor had buried more than \$6400, but the old man said only between \$4000 and \$5000. How they arrived at these figures, I don't know. All lost mine and treasure stories grow in the telling, but as none of the coins would be dated later than about 1890, even a quarter of these estimates would pull a hefty price with today's coin collectors.

TYBO NUMBER THREE

The third location is about three or four miles west of the ovens, down in Fish Lake Valley—sometimes called Stone Cabin Valley. The old road to Belmont cuts through a little rock ridge before it starts the long straight stretch into Monitor Range. A local rancher told me there was once a stagecoach hold-up in the area and that a cowboy (from a distance) saw the bandits ride into the protection of a big "draw" that the road follows through a ridge. They had a heavy strongbox with them when they rode into the draw, but not when they rode out. Whether they broke open the strongbox and split the swag or buried the box in the draw is unknown. His story had little detail to back it up, but it doesn't pay to pass up any bets if you are in the area anyway. If nothing else, there might be some relics here worth digging.

Because of the snow in 1938, Paul and I did not look for these particular caches that fall, but I later made two unsuccessful tries in '54 and '57.

Paul has been dead for some years now, and I couldn't find the hidden money. So the information is all yours—and FINDERS KEEPERS!

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GLAMIS GOLD GHOSTS

(Continued from Page 25)

is, until the State of California padlocked it and ended the venture. The idea was that you could sit in a room in its tunnel and soak up enough rays to cure all ills.

Continuing north on the Ben Hulse Highway we passed another gravel road which leads to the present Imperial Gables, now a privately owned ranch. According to old timers it was once the Gold Diggers Club where gentlemen of the area pursued such recreational projects as gambling and imbibing their favorite brands.

Twenty-two and 4 tenths miles from Glamis and 4.4 miles from the Ben Hulse Highway Monument, a road to the left leads to Midway Well, two miles from the highway. While we lunched under the trees, Bob Bennett described Midway Well as an old time watering spot for wagons taking freight from Glamis to Blythe. Before the advent of white men, this area served as an oasis for Indians. We didn't have time to search, but Bob said Indian artifacts and arrowheads may be found along the still visible trails.

The next highlight of our trip was the famous Paymaster Silver Mine, 5.5 miles from Midway Well. To reach the Paymaster, continue along the gravel road past some abandoned car bodies on the right, which can be seen from the Well. About one block from the Well, a dirt road turns to the right. Although the three-mile drive to the Paymaster Mine crosses several washes, Bob made it in his passenger car.

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The main mine and several abandoned buildings which housed offices and living quarters are at the end of the road. A small shack to the left of the area still contains boxes of poisonous chemicals, so be sure to keep children and pets away from that area.

To reach the two main shafts, cross the creek and climb the small hill on your right. Again be careful with children, as these shafts are open and one is said to be 1200 feet. This area abounds in specimen rocks.

Back to the main highway we drove north again for 6.7 miles to the turn-

off to Walter's Camp on the Colorado River. This is the site where rich silver ore from the Paymaster Mine was loaded on boats. Today Walter's Camp is operated by Jim and Hazel Brazleton, a friendly couple who have trailer camp facilities and a general store. Fishing is reported to be excellent.

A swim in the Colorado River was a refreshing end to our "Trip of the Month" along Imperial County's Ben Hulse Highway. Following that, the Bennett's turned back to their home in Brawley and we went forth to claim our Squattin' Squaw Mine. ///

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GRAN DESIERTO

(Continued from Page 21)

automobiles moving across the horizon.

On legs barely able to stand I hurried towards those beacons of Tantalus. My flashlight had given up its electric ghost, and I stumbled—and swore—frequently, now over a creosote bush stump, now into a rodent burrow. As the night deepened cars became infrequent. The North Star was once more my guide. I was moving slowly, in a grotesque parody of walking.

Again I stumbled. I looked down to curse the offending object, but the oath died in my throat. I was tripping over a rim of asphalt paving.

After lurching across the highway, I dropped my pack and collapsed, too relieved to feel exultant. The time was 9:30 P.M., 14 hours since I had broken camp in the medianos. My feet were painful, for the friction of hiking in sand-filled shoes had worn my toenails loose from the quick. For the rest, I was numb. No water remained, but this was a scant problem, since in the chill desert night I would not thirst before morning. My trial by sand was over. Ahead lay a bath and a cold beer. Behind lay the Gran Desierto.

By its very desolation this huge expanse of nothing offers a study in contrast with the "living desert" more characteristic of the Southwest. It is not for the casual. Its dangers and hardships are very real, while mercy, like water, is a mirage. Here any mistake can become the Unpardonable Sin. Yet no corner of the American desert is more fascinating. So near the U. S. border, so truly a "faery land forlorn," the Gran Desierto de los Altares is there for those who seek a wilderness without compromise, or who find fulfillment in emptiness.

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THE CERBAT RANGE of mountains rim a stretch of blazing desert about 50 miles northwest of Kingman, Arizona. Here nature has deposited as varied a wealth of minerals as may be found anywhere in the West.

The first of these to be noticed by man were oxidized iron inclusions in the rocks, valued by aboriginals for face paint. While scraping up their cosmetics the Indians admired other bright rocks generously laced with pure silver. These were of value only to the hated white man, however, so until the year 1892, no Indian breathed the secret of their location to ruthlessly exploiting palefaces. In that year a tribesman named Hualapai Jeff, bribed with the promise of firewater, led Henry Shaffer to the silver ledge that was to become the Hidden Treasure mine.

Shaffer took in a couple of partners, John Burnett and John Sullivan. The trio was soon shipping ore that assayed \$1000 to the ton. The camp which burgeoned around the diggings was called Silverado, but somehow the name was changed to White Hills about the time a post office was established.

The original "discoverer," Henry Shaffer, was a prospector rather than a miner and soon sold his share of the mine to his partners, betaking himself to other equally hot, but less crowded, hills. Nobody missed him much, as swarms of miners and opportunists quickly exploded the camp's population to several thousand. By merely scraping the surface of the gravel here and there without formality of filing claims, many of these men garnered small fortunes.

The real money, though, was in big operations financed by such operators as D. H. Moffat of Colorado. Local guiding force was generated by one R. T. Root, a born promoter. With Moffat's money, Root built up a large company, elected himself president and set about booming the area into a huge mining district. The streets of White Hills were soon undermined by endless miles of tunnels producing to the tune of almost \$12 million in the few years of life allotted to the town.

During its boom period White Hills suffered several epidemics—one, an infestation of rats caused by carefree dumping at the edge of town, if indeed the refuse got even that far. Nobody knows who imported the first pair of rats, but fortunately a miner arrived from the "outside" with several cats, the females in a noticeably "interesting" condition.

WHITE HILLS, ARIZONA

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

A monthly feature by the author of *Ghost Town Album*,
Ghost Town Trails and *Western Ghost Towns*



Soon the town had a fair cat population and in a couple of years there were more cats than rats. The reduction of the feline population was solved by gun-toting residents who claimed that White Hills had more expert marksmen than any comparable mining camp. Live cats eventually became quite scarce!

But the dead ones remained where they fell and in February of 1898 the local paper reported, "As warmer days come there arises here and there a drifting odor, not of new mown hay or opening flowers . . . but of out-buildings, dishwater and dead cats . . . these are neither gone nor forgotten."

Water was scarce in White Hills. Nobody missed it for drinking purposes, there being a plentiful supply of Arizona Lightning, but if a man did need water for some reason he had to pay plenty for it. Every drop was hauled from small springs high

in the mountains. But at last came a day when everyone had plenty. One blistering August morn the sky grew black, and then let loose with a deluge. Waves five feet high rolled down from the canyon, carrying small buildings and outhouses to the flatlands below. To quote the newspaper—"With water at a dollar a barrel in the White Hills, you might say we had a million dollar bath!"

The desert mining camp had a hard time recovering from this flood. By 1900 the boom was finished. The 40 stamp mill operated only spasmodically, then quit entirely. Promotion had caused inflation beyond the value of the ore. Collapse was complete. Today enough buildings remain to present a shadowy semblance of streets. Gaunt gallow frames stand near mill ruins, but evidence of the town's former liveliness is found in the abundant mass of bottles than once contained White Hill's substitute for water. ///

THE ABSTRACT LIZARD



BY BOB AND JAN YOUNG

IF YOU CAN imagine a wildly colored abstract painting which crawls, you may recognize a gila monster if you meet one in the Arizona, New Mexico, or far southern desert country of Utah.

But treat this colorist's dream with the reserve usually retained for a tax appraiser. This lizard is the only poisonous one in the United States. (There is a beaded lizard in Mexico which is equally venomous, and these two make up the only two poisonous lizards in the world.) Experts disagree as to the potency of their venom, but all agree that no one should provoke these beauties just for kicks.

At first impression there appears to be scant danger from the fat, sluggish, waddling thing dragging itself along the sand. But when irritated, the gila monster can turn head to tail with the speed and precision of a tumbler. A loud hissing contributes nothing to its attractiveness.

Unlike venomous snakes, the poison fangs of this lizard are in the

lower jaw. A groove in the mouth is the conduit for poison sacs and it requires a grinding, chewing motion to inject venom. But once the monster takes hold, it's hard to pry him loose. Like the snapping turtle, a gila monster's head may be cut entirely from its body while its jaws retain a death grip on the object attacked. Small animals die quickly when bitten and the venom affects the heart, making it dangerous for man.

The gila monster (pronounced hé la mon-ster) may grow as long as two feet, although they average about 18 inches. Body and tail are marbled and banded with crow black and at least one other hue, usually yellow or pink. Legs and feet are black as are the sides of the head and lower jaw.

The gila monster has an even temper—always bad, but after a few weeks in captivity it becomes docile and even submits to rough handling.

Though these lizards are fully protected by laws, survival is difficult because of a lumbering gait. Some witnesses insist they thrive on insects,

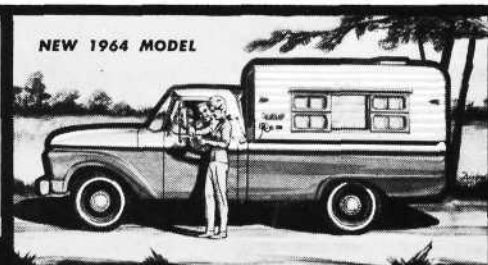
but if true, they are known to also live on the eggs of other lizards and snakes, carefully cached in sun-warmed sand. One herpetologist observed a gila monster clumsily climbing prickly bushes to steal bird eggs. When hunting is good, excess fat is stored in the tail, permitting gilas to live for weeks without eating. Most zoo keepers feed them whipped eggs laced with raw meat, a mixture they lap up with a purple tongue.

Observation has uncovered two mysterious quirks. Gila monsters are fond of water, although they are not accustomed to it in their natural habitat. However, in captivity they will completely submerge their bodies in a water dish, very much like an alligator. Scientists also have discovered that the gila monster, when exposed to intense sunlight for a short time, regains his savage disposition and readiness to fight, but becomes tame again when returned to a cage.

Treatment of this gaily colored reptile is like that of the abstract painting he resembles: look but don't touch. ///



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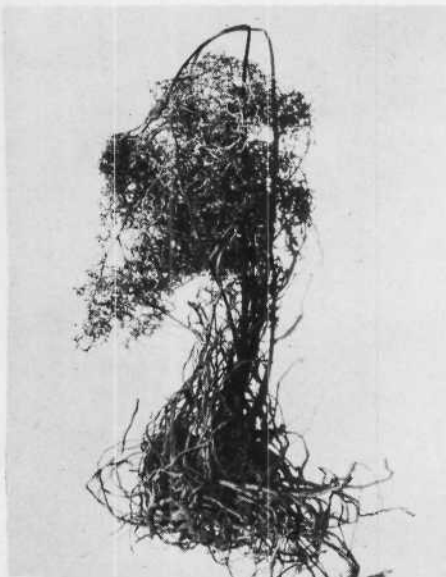
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DESERT DISPENSARY

by Sam Hicks

Part of a series of articles relating Sam Hicks' first-hand observations to the uses made by primitive peoples of nature's products.



MATARIQUE GROWS only in the shady seclusion of the Sierra Madre mountains of Northern Mexico, and only during the rainy summer months when the high ground on which it thrives is wet with moisture. Its green foliage resembles endive, thus making it especially easy to identify. The plant's curative powers are contained in an ample, intertwined root system which, after pulling from the soft earth, readily releases its pleasant aroma and a spicy, pepsin taste. After chewing briefly on a segment of the root, a person feels as though he had just brushed his teeth. During hot weather, Matarique roots are used in nearly every stone water olla in the ranchos and pueblitos of Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico.

The roots of a single plant may re-



main in a water olla for as long as two months at a time, freshening new water as it is added and providing a stomach-soothing drink where, of necessity, water must be consumed in volume. Water consumed from an olla containing Matarique roots quenches a person's thirst and he perspires less.

Tea cooked from its roots is taken for the relief of severe back pains and as an unfailing remedy in the treatment of jaundice. Besides being considered an ideal blood tonic, it is given to babies for colic and taken by adults as a diuretic.

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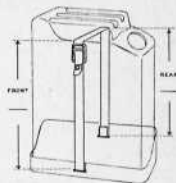
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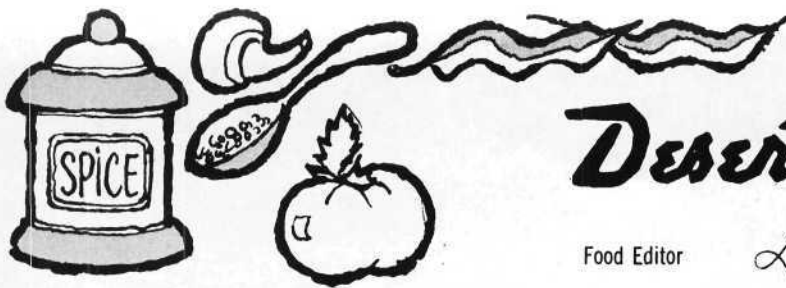
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

FUDGE FINGERS

- 2/3 cup (1 small can) undiluted evaporated milk.
- 1 2-3 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix and boil in sauce pan over low heat, stirring constantly. Bring to boil and cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 1/2 cups diced marshmallows, 1 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1/2 cup chopped, blanched almonds. Stir 1 or 2 minutes or until marshmallows melt. Pour into buttered square 9-inch pan and cool. Cut into bars 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches long and roll in 1 cup flaked coconut.

DATE NUT CANDY

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 can condensed milk
- 3 tablespoons corn syrup
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 tablespoon vanilla
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 cups chopped nuts

Cook sugar, milk and syrup to very soft ball stage on low heat. Add chopped dates and cook until firm ball stage is reached, stirring occasionally. Take off stove and add butter. When almost cool, add vanilla and beat until creamy. Add nuts and make into long rolls. Wrap rolls in damp cloth until set, then roll in chopped nuts and store in aluminum foil.

WALNUT ROLL

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon cocoa
- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 3/4 cup rich milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup chopped nut meats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

In a medium size saucepan combine sugars, cocoa, corn syrup, milk and salt. Cover pan and bring to a boil quickly. Uncover, and cook until a small amount dropped into cold water forms a soft ball. (220 degrees). Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Add nuts and vanilla. Beat until thick and creamy. Turn out onto buttered surface and knead well. Form into a roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill. Cut into slices. The kneading makes it very creamy.

In making candy, test your thermometer by placing it in boiling water. 212 is the normal boiling point. If not accurate, subtract or add required degrees.

MINTED WALNUTS

- 3 cups walnut halves
- 1/4 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon peppermint essence
- 10 marshmallows

Place syrup, water and sugar in sauce pan and cook over medium heat stirring constantly. Cook until soft ball stage. Remove from heat, add peppermint essence and marshmallows and stir quickly until marshmallows have dissolved. Add walnuts and stir to coat them. Pour onto waxed paper and separate nuts with a fork.

PEANUT BRITTLE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup white Karo
- 3/4 cup water
- Butter the size of a walnut
- 1 lb. raw peanuts

Cook all ingredients until a faint blue haze rises, and the mixture is a medium brown. Cook slowly so that it doesn't burn and stir constantly in the final stage. Remove from fire. Quickly stir in 1 heaping teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour immediately into shallow buttered pans.

NEW ORLEANS PRALINES

- 2 cups pure maple syrup
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups whole pecans
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 cup water

Stir sugar, water, syrup and butter together over slow heat until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Add the pecans and boil until the mixture forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Have ready a large slab, well buttered. Drop mixture like pancakes, allowing them to spread about 1/3" thick and 5" in diameter. Work quickly so candy will not get hard before patties are made.

PRALINES

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 lb. pecans
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Boil all ingredients to soft ball stage (236 degrees), stirring constantly. Cool slightly and beat until mixture begins to stiffen. Drop rapidly from a spoon onto a buttered pan in patties about 2 in. in diameter. If candy becomes too stiff at the last to make smooth patties, add a little hot water. Makes 12 patties.

CARAMELS

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 square butter (cut up)
- 1 pt. white Karo syrup

Mix and let come to boil at medium heat. Then pour in slowly 1 pt. whipping cream. Cook to semi-hard ball stage. Pour into greased pan. When firm, cut into thin rectangles and wrap individually in wax paper. Twist paper ends. For chocolate caramels, add 2 square chocolate.

TOASTED ALMOND CRUNCH

- 1/2 cup butter (1 cube)
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tablespoons water
- 2 teaspoons light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped, toasted, blanched almonds
- 1/2 lb. milk chocolate
- 1/4 cup finely chopped toasted, blanched almonds

Melt butter in heavy pan. Stir in sugar, corn syrup, water and coarsely chopped almonds. Cook until hard crack stage is reached (290 degrees) stirring only slightly to keep from burning. The mixture will turn a golden color. Turn candy into a warm 8-inch square pan. When cold, turn from pan onto wax paper. Melt chocolate slowly over lukewarm water. Remove from heat and stir until cool, but still soft. Spread a thin layer over one side of candy and sprinkle lightly with half of the finely chopped nuts. Lay a piece of wax paper on top and turn the candy over. Coat the other side with remaining chocolate and sprinkle with nuts. When chocolate is hard, break into pieces.

A Desert Christmas

by Dorothy Dial

CHRISTMAS IN THE Old West may have lacked the gay festivity of our modern times, but it did not lack in spiritual value.

Over 100 years ago an exhausted family sat on the edge of Death Valley at dusk on Christmas Day. Under the desert stars they listened to a Christmas sermon. It was not a typical Christmas sermon; instead, it was a simple talk given by the Reverend Brier urging his three small sons to improve themselves and to attain an education. It was a little strange to hear a serious talk on education in an area so desolate that the ability to survive was paramount.

No merriment was indulged in this Christmas camp in 1849. There was no tinsel, nor mistletoe. Nevertheless, the hearts of this family were uplifted with spiritual thankfulness.

The Reverend J. W. Brier, his tiny wife Juliet, and three small sons had traveled over rocks, lava beds and through the sagebrush and alkali of central Nevada. They were among the families comprising the historic Jayhawker Party. With the merest of necessities and a few cattle, the Briers followed a route from Illinois to Salt Lake and Pinto Creek, Utah. There, they headed due west for Walkers Pass. The going was rough in rugged Forty Mile Canyon. Here they were forced to abandon their wagons and continued on foot. Slow and weary, they dropped farther and farther behind the fast moving Jayhawkers.

And so it was they approached Death Valley on the day before Christmas, 1849, alone. The Reverend had gone ahead in search of water, leaving tiny Mrs. Brier behind to drive the cattle. Carrying the four-year-old boy on her back, the mother and other children walked all day and on into the setting sun. The baby cried for water, but the other boys remained brave like their mother.

At midnight they met their father and wearily trudged the last six miles to camp and water. There, they sank to their knees and gave thanks that they had survived.

Later, two teamsters who had been with the Jayhawkers joined them. To celebrate Christmas they slaughtered a scrawny oxen for dinner. It wasn't much, but half starved by meager rations, the hot stew served on biscuits seemed like a feast to them. Too exhausted to sing carols, they silently prayed in the desert twilight while the Reverend J. W. Brier preached his poignant little sermon—about the necessity for an education—115 years ago this Christmas Day. ///

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CHIA SEED. High-energy food. Free information, recipes. 1/4 pound \$1.75. 1 pound \$4.95. Organic Herb and Seed Company, 3645 Main, Chula Vista, Calif. 92011.

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● REAL ESTATE

FOR INFORMATION on desert acreage and parcels for sale in or near Twentynine Palms, please write to or visit: Silas S. Stanley, Realtor, 73644 Twentynine Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, California.

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LETTERS

FROM OUR READERS

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They Chased Me . . .

To the Editor: Your article "They Chased The Moon" in the November issue was interesting to me because of its reference to the Superstitions. A group of 15 left Tucson for a day of hiking in the Superstitions. After a number of hours, two of us decided to climb Weaver's Needle (it's a most enticing spire). About half way to top a shot rang out and the bullet crashed into the rock about a foot above my head, causing fragments to fall. Needless to say, I scampered down as fast as I could. A second shot was fired, but I never heard where it hit.

Returning to the rest of the hiking group, we told of our experience and they related that they met a couple of old prospectors on the trail. In the ensuing discussion, we found that these prospectors were the ones who had fired. They complained that a number of people were illegally trying to get at their claim atop the Needle. They said they had shouted a warning to us, but we heard nothing. They were reported to authorities in Phoenix a few weeks later by one of the University of Arizona instructors with our party, but nothing was ever done.

I often wonder just how many persons have been killed or shot at in those mountains. I'm sure the number runs much higher than any reported. At any rate, that was my first and last visit to the Superstitions!

P. RICCI,
Fullerton, California

In All Due Credit . . .

Letter from the Editor: Many of the outstanding photos that did so much to make the November Death Valley issue a success were contributed by photographer Tom Myers. Through an editorial mixup, these were credited to Tom Murray. We realized the mistake as soon as the magazine came off the press and hastened to write an apology to Mr. Myers. A lesser photographer would have turned purple with rage, but Mr. Myers, whose work appears in many national publications in addition to DESERT said, "Think nothing of it!" Nevertheless, we do hope that in some small way this will give credit where credit was due. C.P.

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Tribute to Padre Kino . . .

To the Editor: Naturally I found the article on Padre Kino by Juanita Ruiz entertaining. There is an uncanny fascination about the life and events of this great missionary explorer. I would like to remind your readers that a great monument to Padre Kino is in the making. The State of Arizona has singled out this remarkable man as its first pioneer. A 7½-foot bronze statue, sculptured by Baroness Suzanne Silvercruys, will be dedicated in the spring of 1965 in the nation's capitol.

CHARLES W. POLZER, S.J.
Los Gatos, California

A Borrego Ranger Reports . . .

To the Editor: You may be interested in the response to Stoyanow's Hank Brandt article in the October DESERT. There have been dozens of people prowling around the area described in the story. It's kinda funny. I can always spot the ones who are looking for the "lost mine." They are usually most secretive in their behavior. That is, they ask the most roundabout questions and glance most significantly at each other when I reply. Then they might ask, "Oh, by the way, Ranger, did'ja ever hear of an old wet-back shack around here?" Later on I see their car parked in that area and often can make out their figures as they plod up the old trail—often meeting other seekers coming down. At any rate, it gives them all an excuse to get out in the desert and enjoy themselves. It seems that most of them have a ball just poking around. I thought the story very interesting and well written. Just may go over by the old wet back shack myself tomorrow.

GEORGE LEETCH,
Borrego, California

DESERT Delights . . .

To the Editor: I have been a subscriber for a dozen or more years and finally feel the urge to write you. We have really enjoyed DESERT. I raised a family in the East and their trips to Nevada, Arizona, Utah and California were limited to brief vacations in the summer. Their only real and intimate living knowledge of the Southwest has come through your authors. We are much in debt to DESERT.

J. R. MARTIN,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sand-ri-La . . .

To the Editor: I want to say a few words about the November issue of DESERT. This really hit the spot with me. Every article in it was wonderful. I was all but shaking gold dust out of the magazine. Why can't everybody read DESERT and leave the trash found on newsstands alone? So many wonderful articles all in one issue sent my mind on wings to the desert, but now I have to shake sand from my shoes and get to work! But thank you so much for the "trip."

KENNERLY CUNNINGHAM,
Tracy City, Tennessee

A Concrete Idea . . .

To the Editor: By solidifying the Panamint chimney relic pictured in your Death Valley November issue, with an inner core of solid concrete, it could be moved away. I suggest the people in San Francisco consider it as a monument on Alcatraz in place of a statue they plan to commission.

OWEN TODD,
Los Angeles, California



Death on the Desert . . .

To the Editor: Enclosed is an authentic picture of a human being and part of his burro. An empty canteen lying nearby tells the story. Let this be a warning to any and all people. Do not enter any part of the desert without water, or alone in the summer.

This picture was given to me by a real estate man in Los Angeles in March, 1920. He was called Peg Leg Pete and he showed me some beautiful nuggets covered with desert varnish. He spoke of an area near Mecca where he got them, along with two pouches of gold dust. The gold dust was retrieved with a dry washer, he told me. This was right after World War I. I didn't ever see him again, but his real estate office was on the 2nd floor of a building at 5th and Spring.

Maybe somebody will remember this man. It may lead to another Peg Leg story.

WILLARD W. ERBECK, SR.,
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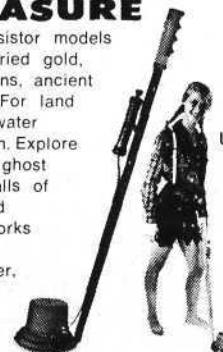
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First Prize

"PSSTT, MR. SANTA"

Irene J. Brennan
BOULDER CITY, NEVADA

An Antelope Ground Squirrel or Desert Chipmunk whispers his Christmas gift list to St. Nick. DATA: Leica M-3, 135mm lens, Plus X Pan, 1/125th at f11.

DESERT MOON

William Simpson
TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

Taken at twilight on the Pierce Ferry Road, north of Kingman, Arizona. DATA: Linhof 4x5, 24-inch BxL telephoto lens, Panatomic-X in rollholder one second at f64.

Second Prize



PHOTO CONTEST RULES

1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.

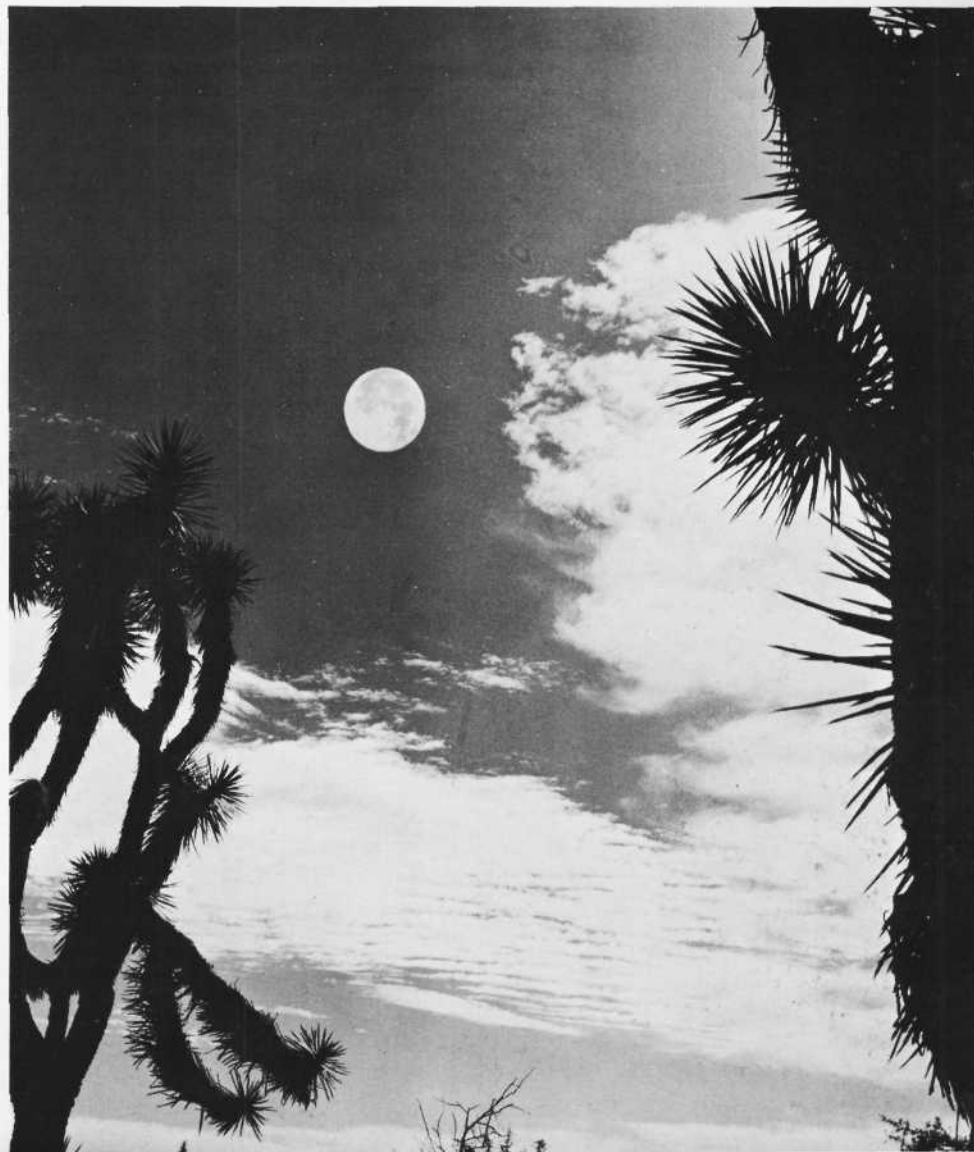
2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.

3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.

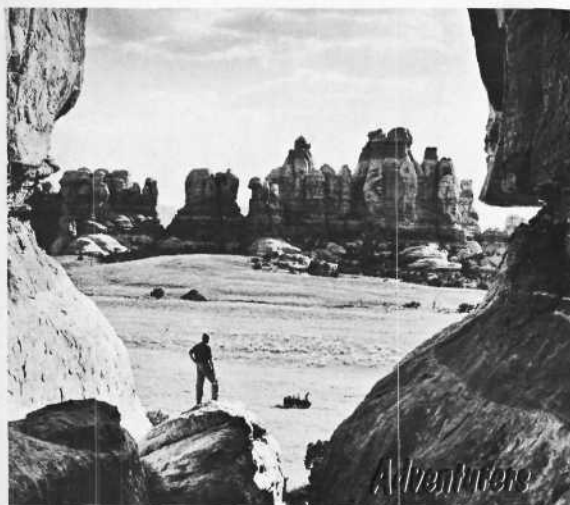
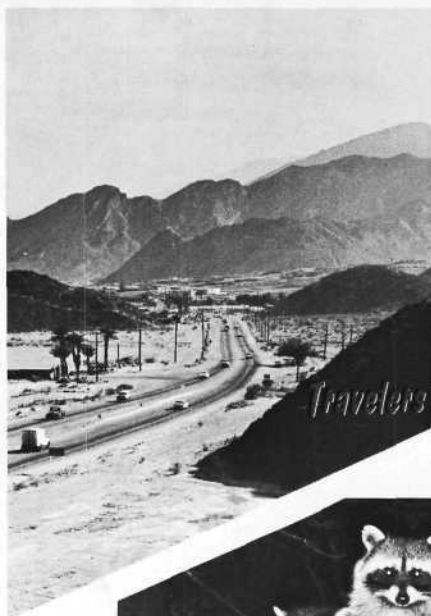
4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.

5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers.

6—FIRST PRIZE will be \$15; SECOND PRIZE, 8. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication \$3 each will be paid. Although not part of the contest, Desert is also interested in viewing 4x5 color transparencies for possible front cover use. We pay \$25 per transparency.



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